

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

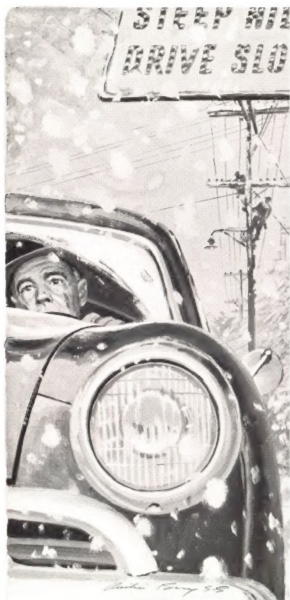


Boris Chazov

QUEEN ELIZABETH

The crown remains, the symbol lives.

Jack uses his Brakes
but not his BRAIN !



Mac makes his Breaks
he sells by PLANE !



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He actually felt 20 yet he'd been bedridden

His doctor's new treatment
a serious operation, recover

Two years after his retirement, Mr. Emerson began to slow down noticeably. He looked and felt tired, complained of frequent digestive distress. He became thin and weak, lost his lively manner and keen interest in things.

Suddenly, it seemed, Mr. Emerson was a *very* old man.

He finally went to the family doctor for a checkup, and found that his condition was an extremely serious one. A major operation was the only answer for the intestinal disorder that had been dragging him downhill. However, there were two complicating factors—he was asthmatic and aged. His chances of surviving such drastic surgery were not too good.

Fortunately doctors now have many new methods of pre-


paring older people for major operations. Mr. Emerson's doctor took advantage of one of the newest methods of treatment, and the patient's vitality improved. Despite his advanced age, he underwent the operation successfully. His convalescence was remarkably rapid. Today he looks and feels 20 years younger.

New hope for older people

The case just described is not unusual. Because of medicine's recent advances, older people today can hope for successful operations and speedy recuperation. Doctors have many new tools to work with—new anesthetics, new operating techniques, new drugs. The medical profession uses all of these to help older

Physiologic Therapeutics Through Biosearch For Longer Useful Living





*years younger
a month before*

helped him undergo
completely and rapidly

people live more useful, happier, longer lives.

For example, some patients are treated with A.C.T.H. before and after an operation. This hormone seems to help get them into better shape for surgery. In addition, it seems to make them feel better, improve their appetite, get them out of bed sooner. However, only your doctor knows the correct treatment for your particular condition.

Don't be afraid

Don't be afraid to see the doctor because you think you are too old. No one is too old to be helped. Don't make excuses, and don't delay—make an appointment now to see your doctor.

Let the doctor decide

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GENERAL  ELECTRIC

LETTERS

The Governor of Illinois

Sir:
I wish to commend the Jan. 28 article on Illinois' Governor Stevenson. I know nothing about the man but he sounds good to me. . .

STEPHEN H. PATTERSON

La Jolla, Calif.

Sir:
... You say that the former Mrs. Adlai Stevenson was a member of the Borden milk family. I believe that her father was John Borden, former taxi magnate and no relation to the Borden milk family. . .

ELIZABETH H. ARMSTRONG

Washington

¶ Says Mrs. Stevenson's father, John Borden: "If we are related at all, it's very distant."—Ed.

Sir:
Re your brief reference to Governor Adlai E. Stevenson's veto message concerning the notorious anti-cat measure [a bird lovers' bill in Illinois]: I wish to state that The American Feline Society, Inc. played no small part in this legislative battle which could have conceivably cost the lives of 5 millions of Illinois cats. . .

ROBERT LOTHAR KENDELL
President

The American Feline Society, Inc.
New York City

Sir:
My mother is an Illinois Republican who favors Governor Stevenson because he vetoed the "cat" bill. Asked if she would vote

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February 18, 1952

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Number 7

TIME, FEBRUARY 18, 1952



Alfred Earle rebuilt a home for his bride
—and did most of the work himself.



His hobby: making toys.



A new skill: typewriting.

HE BUILT A WHOLE LIFE —WITH HALF A HAND

An accident at work required the amputation of Alfred Earle's right arm above the wrist. That was misfortune enough, but his left hand had already been practically paralyzed by an enemy bullet during World War II. It looked like total disability.

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for Stevenson if he ran again, she replied, "I surely will—and what is more—the next two kittens around here are going to be named 'Addie' and 'Stevie'..."

DOROTHY PENNINGTON TUEL
Charleston, W. Va.

Davey on Sloan

Sir: Please accept my congratulations for the Jan. 14 article concerning John Sloan. As one of his oldest and most intimate friends, over a period of 45 years, I well knew his work, character and qualities.

I would not have believed it possible in two columns to have so completely and sensitively told the story.

RANDALL DAVEY

Santa Fe, N. Mex.

Sic Transit & All That

Sir: Your researchers are slightly off the beam on their Habsburgs. The Jan. 28 issue announces the death of Archduke Maximilian Eugene of Austria, referring to him as the younger brother of the Emperor Charles and son of Francis Ferdinand who was assassinated at Sarajevo. He was Charles's brother, right enough, but both were nephews of Francis Ferdinand and sons of the heir's younger brother, Otto Francis Joseph. Francis Ferdinand's marriage to Sophie Hohenberg was morganatic, and their children had no claim to the throne. *Sic transit*... but not that fast!

WALTER B. WOODWARD

Chicago

Reader Woodward is right as reign. A *tek* to the TIME researcher who misplaced a Habsburg.—Ed.

Anti-Girl, Pro-Bull

Sir: Your Jan. 28 article about the *toreros* from Texas is a disgrace to womankind. Bullfighting for men is barbaric and horrible, but for women to invade this cruel sport is sickening...

MRS. L. R. FOSTER

Los Angeles

Sir:

For the *toreros* from Texas, who quit school to assassinate an undersized bull in a Mexican bull ring, I suggest a job in an abattoir. *Ole, huera!*

L. M. WIEDER

Rego Park, N.Y.

Sir:

The photograph of "Pat McCormick making the kill" of a poor little scrubby calf is ludicrous and disgusting... A wholesome girl from one of Texas' Four-H Clubs would have been prompted to pick up the calf, place it on the spectators' side of the barrier, then give it a good feed.

COURTNEY C. BUCK

Frederick, Md.

Sir:

... The camera caught Miss McCormick—who appears to be a rather tall gal—in the act of ramming her snickersnee between the shoulders of an animal called (jokingly?) a bull... In Wyoming, such a pore little critter, although admittedly a male, wouldn't be classed as a bull but as a tail-end yearlin'. Lack of size and length of horns denote immaturity. His contours suggest he was dogged while very young. Quite possibly he was a convalescent from *afosa*; certainly his home range has had a long dry spell. The carcass must have been quite inferior *carne*. But for

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Miss McCormick, it probably will serve as a steppingstone to higher things—such as a TV career and a million bucks U.S.

OWEN S. HOGE

Cheyenne, Wyo.

Thrice-Told Tale

Sir:

TIME, Jan. 28, quotes Holy Man Brahmachari on 'U.S. marriages': "An Indian student, visiting an American cemetery, found a young woman seated by the side of the tomb, fanning it with her hand... [She explained] 'My husband and I loved each other, but when he died he made me promise that I would not remarry so long as his tomb was wet. I am fanning it so that it will become dry quickly and I can marry my current sweetheart.'"

This should be certified as a strictly ancient chestnut. For comparison, see *A Fickle Widow*, a 15th century Chinese story by an unknown author...

ERICH A. ALBRECHT

Tulane University
 New Orleans

Sir:

Brahmachari... is perhaps familiar with English literature, or with someone who knows the writings of Oliver Goldsmith. The story is told in the 18th letter of Lien Chi Altangi, Goldsmith's oriental nom de plume for his series of satirical attacks on English customs, *Citizen of the World*. The irony is that, in Goldsmith, the story has an oriental locale, and its point is that the English love their wives too blindly...

ROBERT W. DUNCAN

Amelia, Ohio

Sir:

If Holy Man Brahmachari will get out from behind his beard long enough to read Charles Pettit's *Elegant Infidelities of Madame Li Pi Fou* (Horace Liveright; 1928), he will find the tale about fanning a deceased husband's grave told in a much more elegant fashion...

CARL P. MILLER

Honolulu

¶ Only Brahmachari knows where he got his version of the story and, having taken a vow of silence, he isn't talking.—Ed.

Something Is Sagging

Sir:

The Jan. 28 article "Bogged Down" makes my blood boil. Is that the way we maintain air bases in Europe? Is that the way Europe treats us for trying to help her? Is that the way the Air Force expends the money of U.S. taxpayers?

I hope you hammer away at things like that until we get enough snap, pride and steel into our Government and its forces to make such conditions impossible. I'm not fond of vulgarities, but I must say it seems as if our guts are sagging.

ROI PARTRIDGE

Oakland, Calif.

Sir:

Congratulations... "Bogged Down" is the most truthful and down-to-earth article written about the 126th Bomb Wing and the Meriganc Air Base. It has done all our hearts good...

(CPL.) CHARLES W. LORENZ
 126th Bombardment Wing, U.S.A.F.
 c/o Postmaster, New York City

Free Medical Advice

Sir:

Good for Governor Murray [who criticized the "commercialization" of the medical profession—TIME, Jan. 28]. The practice of

TIME, FEBRUARY 18, 1952



Every year approximately 100,000 industrial workers suffer disabling eye injuries. Many of these injuries could be prevented by wearing goggles where they should be—over your eyes—not on your forehead. If your job calls for goggles—don't take chances even for a minute. An accident costs your company and the insurance company only money. It may cost you priceless eyesight.

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TIME, FEBRUARY 18, 1952

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medicine certainly seems to be on the downgrade. Today's doctors have more equipment and scientific information available than ever before. Yet too many seem to lack time, interest or perhaps knowledge to go deeper than the obvious in their diagnosis and treatment. Unless symptoms are so clear that they cannot go unrecognized, the patient is kept dangling, or is shuttled from one specialist to another. Frequently, he is pushed aside as some sort of neurotic.

The patient is the victim in this particular medical mumbo jumbo. He is sick, and he is tired because he is sick. He is running out of money, and this additional worry makes him sicker. He gets nowhere fast, and no one seems to be really trying to help him. He has been to the "best doctors in town", where does he turn now? Why can't the really fine doctors in the profession weed out these incompetents? Or do ethics prohibit this housecleaning? . . .

(MRS.) ELIZABETH S. MULLENBACH
Sherman Oaks, Calif.

Sir:

Being a recently accepted applicant to medical school, I find the governor's speech quite provoking. How is it that men always want back the old country doctor with his kind-heartedness and generosity? Why not the oldtime groceryman with his unlimited credit—and stale crackers? . . .

I propose that we bring back the old-fashioned, kind and generous country doctor for one day here in the U.S. and let people see the result of the investment the modern doctor makes in his training.

Yours, as a poor boy for the next ten years.

RICHARD K. ARCHER

Austin, Texas

Sir:

. . . When are the doctors going to realize that the American Medical Association is their own worst enemy? Their basic policies have not changed in the last century and this is not a static world. They seem to be so smugly secure in their Chicago offices that they refuse to note that humanity is clamoring for efficient medical care. . .

As a housewife's B, I would suggest that the doctors, instead of putting money into the A.M.A. to resist any progressive changes, establish panel discussions in communities so that they may learn the average person's needs. Certainly some means could be established to streamline expenses by clinics and cooperation.

My father was an M.D. I would rather be loyal than critical. Right now I'm ready to get out my white diaper flag of protest, and begin swinging it on a soap box any day.

(MRS.) JEAN NEWMAN

Seattle

Sir:

. . . Granted, some [doctors'] fees may seem high, but there are no bargains where health is concerned. . . Movie and TV stars, professional jockeys and athletes have fabulous incomes, so let us not begrudge the income of the medical profession. Live and let live should be the maxim!

ROBERT M. ELLIOTT, D.D.S.

Wayzata, Minn.

One of Our Pumas Is Missing

Sir:

Say, did you ever find that puma [on the prowl near Shreveport, La.]? We saw a reference to the beast in your Jan. 21 issue. The suspense is killing us.

MARGIE JAMIESON
JAN BEATTY

Appleton, Wis.

¶ As far as TIME knows, the puma has failed to report its whereabouts.—ED.

TIME, FEBRUARY 18, 1952

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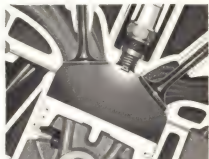
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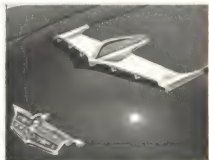
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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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ADVERTISING DIRECTOR

H. H. S. Phillips, Jr.

A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Dear Time-Reader

Some of the things that happen after a story has appeared in TIME are as unpredictable as they are varied. I thought you would enjoy hearing of a few examples which came to my attention recently.

The Perkin-Elmer Corp. of Norwalk, Conn. is a manufacturer of optical instruments. A year ago, it was looking for a mechanical engineer with a good grounding in physics and other sciences who was also experienced in administrative work. Dr. Lee Davenport, Perkin-Elmer's executive vice-president, knew of a 32-year-old

engineer who possessed this rare combination of talents. The trouble was that the man was satisfied

with the job he had and, when Davenport called him, not only turned down the offer of more pay, but even declined an invitation to come to Norwalk for a visit with the company.

On a hunch, Davenport approached the man again last October. To Davenport's surprise, the young engineer asked a number of questions which showed his familiarity with the work of Perkin-Elmer Corp. This time he accepted with alacrity another invitation to visit Norwalk. In due course, he accepted the new job.

What had made the difference? Two stories in TIME. During the intervening months, the engineer had read in TIME'S Science section about the work Perkin-Elmer was doing with new types of photographic equipment (March 12; June 4). Before that, he told Davenport, the company's name meant nothing to him.

Perkin-Elmer has since hired two other engineers who joined the firm after reading the TIME articles.

You may remember the item in Miscellany (Dec. 10) which told of the Davison-Paxon Co., an Atlanta department store, getting an order for five Confederate caps from U.S. airmen in Korea and accepting a \$10 Confederate bill in payment.

As a result of that story, said Charles H. Jagels, president of the store, "We received letters from all over the U.S. and one from an American embassy attaché in the Middle East... I had a letter from a lawyer in Philadelphia whom I had not seen since I was a kid flying kites at Point Pleasant 40 years ago."

The store received no more Confederate money, however. All payments,

said Jagels, were in "regular U.S. or Yankee currency."

Edward A. Pollock, 28, a Manhattan bank clerk, collects TIME covers as a hobby. Before he puts them into his scrapbook, however, he sends them out to the cover subjects for autographs. "I was always attracted by the covers," he says, "and I thought it would make an interesting collection for my young son."

Pollock started his collection with the first issue of 1951, was able to get 39 autographs out of the year's 48 cover personalities. Those of which he is proudest are India's Nehru, Generals MacArthur, Eisenhower and Ridgway, Man of the Year Mossadegh, France's late General de Lattre and Warren Austin. Among those who turned him down were Churchill, Truman, Egypt's King Farouk, Argentina's Peróns and Vasily Stalin.

Pollock usually tries at least twice for each autograph, but quit after one try with Stalin's son. He sent the cover to the Russian embassy in Washington, enclosing a forwarding envelope with \$4 worth of air-mail and special-delivery stamps. At the embassy, Vasily Stalin's name was crossed out. Pollock's written in, and the letter was returned, using up the \$4 in postage.

The last paragraph in the Oct. 8 issue of TIME told of the Pal Blade Co.'s unsuccessful search for a female barbershop quartet.

Since that item appeared, lady barbers in Chicago, Fort Worth, Dallas and New York got in touch with the company to ask indignantly where the search had been conducted. The company also heard from:

Eight lady barbershop quartets, including one in Philadelphia, which the company decided to sponsor.

Fifteen women who wanted to be barbers, some of whom asked whether the company would train them.

Nine booking agencies who wanted to know whether any quartets had turned up which would be available for engagements.

An irate man in Erie, Pa. who thought lady barbers would be the worst thing that could be inflicted on unsuspecting U.S. males.

Cordially yours,

James A. Linen

How to cut your worries

Louis Bromfield, famous author and farmer, talks about a problem that all of us face today

My feelings on worry spring from the fact that I have been a farmer (or at least a high-powered gardener) for most of my life.

Farmers, like sailors and fishermen, spend their lives close to the elements—and know how often they're at the mercy of those elements. Anyone who has ever seen a storm at sea or a tornado will know what I mean. If such men were worriers, their lives would be one long nervous breakdown.

**They do what they can—
and then relax!**

This does not mean that they merely sit back and adopt a fatalistic attitude about possible disasters. Such a course would be just as foolish as giving in to aimless, lifelong worrying.

Instead, the average farmer, for example, does everything he can to protect himself from future trouble. He builds storm cellars. He makes use of scientific protection against soil erosion, blights and insects. He takes out crop insurance when necessary.

Once he's satisfied that he has done his best to prevent disaster, your typical farmer goes *calmly* about his work.

**Keep your eyes open—
but don't lose sleep.**

This seems an intelligent, dignified answer to the worry problem—for city-dwellers, too. One way of preventing disasters that is open to all of us is to own enough life insurance. A good life insurance program is as reassuring as a stout wall behind your back in hurricane country. You know it will be there when you need it.

—LOUIS BROMFIELD



LOUIS BROMFIELD, Pulitzer prize-winning author of such famous works as *Malabar Farm*, *The Ruins Came* and *Mr. Smith*, is the fourth contributor in the series, "How To Cut Your Worries."

How Life Insurance helps cut down worries

Life insurance is especially helpful in overcoming worry. A well-planned program of life insurance can help to increase your peace of mind by making sure you will have funds available to meet specific problems when they arise.

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NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE NATION

Crown & Constitution

"About 11 o'clock," said ex-Paratrooper Jack Greagar in Los Angeles, "a guy pulls in for gas. I filled him up and he leaned out and said, 'Did you hear about the King dying?' I knew right then who he meant. Jeez, I was surprised. And kind of stunned. I remember when he inspected us in England. You can't help feeling sorry for the man. The Princess inspected us too, when she was in uniform herself. She just walked down the line in those god-awful brown stockings, just as big as life, and now she's Queen. It sure is a jolt."

The Quiet Man. Millions of other U.S. citizens felt a jolt, too, at the unexpected news that death had come to George VI, the quiet man who brightened the Crown tarnished by Edward VIII's abdication. Tens of thousands of Americans like Gas Station Attendant Jack Greagar had served in Britain as soldiers and bluejackets; tens of thousands more had visited the British Isles as tourists in the years since. But even those Americans who had never crossed the Atlantic, and never would, knew more about Britain and felt closer to the British than had any other U.S. generation.

This sense of familiarity had come so gradually, and amid so much turmoil, that few had stopped to think much about it before. But in the years since World War II began darkening the earth, U.S. newspapers, radio networks and newsreels had reported the story of Britain more thoroughly than foreign news had ever been reported before. The average American of this decade would have found it hard to name either the Prime Minister of Canada or the President of Mexico, but he knew almost as much about the politics, the economic difficulties and the foreign policy of Great Britain as he did of his own country.

The Link of Legitimacy. The new U.S. feeling of closeness to Britain and Britain's Crown derived most of all from the half-conscious recognition that Britain and the U.S. were among the few nations

of the contemporary world which had governments solidly and deeply established in the assent of their people. Such governments, called "legitimate" by Guglielmo Ferrero, depend neither on force nor transitory popular favor. They must show a reasonable consistency between theory and practice, between the way the government is supposed to work and the way it actually works. They must be established long enough for their people to



"WHERE EVERYONE'S TURNING"

accept the mode of authority as natural for them and to identify themselves with the government.

In Britain, the monarch is the symbol of this continuing legitimacy which persists through administrations which may vary greatly in direction and policy. The U.S. has a more abstract symbol that serves exactly the same purpose: the Constitution.

That is why Americans can still regard monarchy as an institution profoundly alien to the U.S., and at the same time regard the British monarchy as an institution which performs a function profoundly understood and respected by the U.S. Queen Elizabeth II begins her reign in a perilously shaken world. A point of stability is the firm link of legitimacy between the two great English-speaking commonwealths.

THE PRESIDENCY

Guided Tour

Proud as a Missouri farmer showing off a new silo, Harry Truman took newsmen on a surprise tour last week of the \$5,500,000 renovation job begun in 1949 to save the aging White House from collapse. In a jaunty powder-blue suit, the President was at his folksy best as he ducked and weaved among workmen who had seen

him around so much that they scarcely bothered to glance up.

The party went first to the vast, white-tiled kitchen, a gleaming expanse of stainless steel refrigerators, steam tables and ovens, fluorescent lighting and an electrical control board big enough for a theater. This, said the President, is where the housekeeper keeps the groceries. Next, he pointed out what he called the tooth carpenter's place—a three-room medical-dental suite—and warned the reporters to behave themselves, else he might send some of them in there for a major operation.

A Bottle of Beer. Moving on to the diplomatic reception room, Truman explained that the presidential seal over the door had been moved from the floor of the main hall upstairs; he thought it was wrong for people to walk on it. Incidentally, he added, this is one of the old deals with the eagle

looking the wrong way, to its left. The mistake originated years ago, he explained, and was continued until he had it fixed in 1945. Since then, by executive order, the eagle in presidential seals has faced to its right.

When the party visited the Pennsylvania Avenue porch built by Andrew Jackson, Truman said he thought that old Jackson had put on too much porch, and he revealed that he had considered chopping some of it off. In view of the public uproar in 1948 when he added a balcony to the south portico, he said, he guessed it was a good thing he gave up the idea—the Washington newspapers would have had a hemorrhage.

It was not true, by the way, that he wanted the balcony for lounging on a summer evening; it was a matter of architectural balance. He promised to take the

reporters out there some time and buy them a bottle of beer.

A Real Dinger. Back in the main lobby, Truman said he had frightened the builders (John McShain Inc. of Philadelphia) into putting up a new chandelier. The old one looked like a livery-stable lantern, and he threatened to knock it down with a baseball bat if they put it up again. The state dining room is also getting a new chandelier, he said—a real dinger.

Upstairs the job is so well-advanced that the decorators are due this week to install draperies and carpets. Truman recalled a legend that the Civil War, President still walks the Lincoln Room. Once, when two school friends of the baby (Margaret Truman) were sleeping there, he said, he suggested to the madam (Bess Truman) that he might arrange for the ghost to really appear. (He didn't say how.) Bess thought it would scare the girls to death, and vetoed the idea.

On another occasion, the tub in his old bathroom began to sink through the floor when he was in it. He asked the madam what she would have thought if he had fallen into the Red Room when she was having one of her receptions for the ladies of the D.A.R. She didn't think it was funny, and wanted to slap his face.

The renovation was originally scheduled for completion in March 1951. When the builders announced the most recent postponement, from Jan. 15 to May 15, Truman said, he put his foot down. They were fiddling around so he took a curry comb to them, and now he is after them all the time with a shotgun. He said he hoped to move in from Blair House by early April. The newsmen hoped that by then the President would stop fiddling around himself, and decide what he wants to do about renewing his four-year lease.

Another Truman Letter

After dedicating a new campus at Wake Forest College in Winston-Salem, N.C. last fall, President Truman got a fan letter from a Wake Forest alumnus. "Men like you," ran the President's pleased and prompt reply. "... make it possible to carry on in this job."

Last week a radio commentator announced the name of the Wake Forest alumnus: T. Lamar Caudle, former Assistant Attorney General, fired for questionable extracurricular activities just 28 days after receiving Harry's heady compliments.

POLITICS

A Plunge into Eyewash

When an impulsive Democrat entered Harry Truman's name in the New Hampshire presidential primary without consulting the White House, Truman gruffly announced that he would withdraw it. All these primaries are just eyewash and don't mean a thing when the national conventions meet, he huffed. Last week, just five days after he made that statement, Truman did a full back flip and plunged into the eyewash.

"I Shall Not Ask." In a letter to the New Hampshire secretary of state, the President wrote: "My statement last week was intended to explain that such primaries do not bind the delegates. Not only do I not object to such primaries, but I have long favored a nationwide presidential primary," so that the voters could really choose their own candidates. However, I had thought it would be better for my name not to appear on any ballot at this time as a candidate for President until I am ready to make an announcement as to whether I shall seek re-election. But the chairman of the Democratic National Committee and many good Democrats in New Hampshire are of the opinion that my name should be left on the ballot. . . . I shall not ask you to take my name off. . . ."

Washington pundits immediately began



Walter Bennett

CANDIDATE KEFAUVER

After a flip, a slap.

peering into political corners for more convincing reasons why Truman took the plunge. Their eyes quickly fell on the coonskin cap of Senator Estes Kefauver, already in the New Hampshire race. A lively theory evolved: worried regular Democratic leaders had convinced Truman that it is time to muffle the formidable Kefauver boom; he decided that New Hampshire is the place to thrash bold Estes.

Rocketeers & Stalin. This week the Tennessee Senator demonstrated that the President hadn't scared the boldness out of him. He stood up before a New Hampshire audience and allowed dryly that he considers the primary good democracy, not "eyewash." Then he took a swing

at Harry Truman's foreign policy. Said he: "For a long time now, it has seemed to me, we have based our foreign policy substantially on what Russia might or might not do. Just as we in the United States do not gauge our domestic policies on the whims of racketeers, so we should not gauge our foreign policy on the whims of Stalin."

But it was something else Crime-Buster Kefauver said that made Democratic ears stand out. Philosophizing about morality in government, he said: "The ordinary course of a man up the political ladder in the United States is by successive steps from the locality. Ordinarily, he takes an interest in his county, or ward, or city election, perhaps seeks office there, and then may or may not proceed to the state or national level of office and politics. In the locality, however, the moral tone of his later service—as Governor, Senator, Ambassador or President—has usually been set. . . . That sounded like a slap at Harry Truman's early career in Boss Tom Pendergast's locality. With this prelude from Kefauver, the stage seemed set for a fascinating campaign season among the Democrats.

Oklahoma Split

After furious straining and hauling by the Taft and Eisenhower forces, Oklahoma Republicans this week completed their delegation to the national convention. The tally: seven for Taft, six for Eisenhower, three uncommitted. Most significant point: that Ike won as many delegates as he did in what was considered "safe" Taft territory.

Who Likes Ike?

A public-opinion poll, as the nation learned in 1948, is not a precision instrument for measuring political sentiment. But until somebody finds an accurate gauge, the polls will have their place in political analysis, because they can describe certain situations better than pre-politundry ever could.

Pollster George Gallup has just published four polls which throw a lot of light on the presidential campaign of 1952. They do not tell the ending, but they outline the plot.

¶ In one poll, Gallup asked: "Which national political party—the Republican or Democratic—do you think is best for people like yourself?" Forty-one percent thought the Democratic Party best, 32% said Republican, 18% saw no difference, and 9% said they didn't know.

¶ Another Gallup poll disclosed that Truman's popularity, which reached a low of 23% in November, had taken a turn for the better. The new figure: 25%.

The first poll is a reminder of one of 1952's prime political facts: the Democrats are still the leading party; four voters identify their interests with the Democrats for every three who look to the Republicans. The second confirms suspicions that Truman, with his extraordinary political bounce, may be able to recover from 1951's scandals. At least, the Repub-

© Another Truman self-contradiction, the record showed. Last Aug. 2, United Press Correspondent Harry Frantz asked Truman for his views on a presidential primary. Truman replied that he thought one presidential election was enough.

licans cannot count on the scandals to win the election.

To win, the G.O.P. needs an overwhelming majority of the independent voters, of whom there are now about 15 million in the U.S. Which of the possible G.O.P. candidates has the most appeal to independents? Gallup's sampling of independents on this question shows:

Eisenhower	42%
Taft	16%
Warren	14%
MacArthur	12%
Stassen	9%
Dewey	4%
Don't Know	3%

This poll confirms what most political observers have been saying for months—that Ike can win more independents than any other Republican in sight. (He can probably detach more Democrats, too.)

Republicans, faced with these facts, might be expected to swing more & more to Ike. Gallup's evidence, however, shows a trend in the opposite direction.

Gallup asked Republican voters to name their choice for the Republican presidential nominee. The answers:

Eisenhower	33%
Taft	33%
MacArthur	14%
Warren	8%
Stassen	5%
Dewey	5%
Don't Know	2%

The tie with Eisenhower represented a long and important gain by Taft. A Gallup poll of Republicans in November 1949 showed 25% for Ike and 15% for Taft. By September 1950, the general had shot up to 42% and the Senator was still at 15%. Then Taft began to rise, and Eisenhower started down. By last April it was 38-22 for Ike; in December it was 30-28. The new result indicated that Ike's announcement of willingness to accept a Republican draft did not cause the great shift his way which some pundits had expected. He gained three percentage points while Taft gained five.

The Ike managers concede that most of the Republican leaders are for Taft. The people, they say, are for Ike. But the Republican segment of the people shows no overwhelming enthusiasm for Ike, even though many of them realize that Ike is the sharpest Republican candidate with Democrats and Independents.

This tends to prove that voters do not pick presidential candidates by the simple standard on which bettors pick race horses—the one most likely to win.

Or it may prove that the Republicans have taken over from the pre-Roosevelt Democrats their famous ability to snatch defeat from the jaws of victory.

As the G.O.P. convention draws near, a lot of Republicans may feel more strongly that the first test of a candidate is ability to attract those essential independent and Democratic votes. Up to now, that is not the dominant mood of either the party leadership or the rank & file.

INVESTIGATIONS

Eyewitness to Massacre

In Washington last week, a special House committee resumed the investigation it began last fall into the wartime massacre of more than 4,000 Polish officers in Katyn Forest near Smolensk, Russia (TIME, Nov. 26). The issue: Was Katyn just another Nazi atrocity, or did the Russians do it and then dupe the Western world into blaming the common enemy?

U.S. Army Colonel John H. Van Vliet Jr., who made a forced visit to Katyn as a German prisoner in 1943, testified that, despite his hatred for the Nazis, he formed an immediate "unshakeable opinion" that the Russians were guilty. Henry Cassidy, former Associated Press correspondent in Moscow, testified that he suspected the Russians of rigging the evidence when

kicked him into the ditch. And those who showed signs of resistance, or resisted this procedure—then the guard would put a gun to his head . . . and he shot him. Then he would spin him around and throw him in the ditch."

This witness appeared with his head covered by a grotesque white hood and was identified only as "John Doe." The committee explained that it wanted to protect his relatives in Poland against Communist reprisals, though the witness himself had not requested anonymity. In an unhappy try for circus effect, the committee produced a genuine Russian pistol and got "Doe" to aim it at a volunteer victim while the flashbulbs popped.

The committee's evidence against the Russians was impressive enough not to need artificial bolstering by such ballyhoo tricks as a masked witness.



HOODED "JOHN DOE" POSTING FOR KATYN INVESTIGATORS
First a mouthful of sawdust.

United Press

they took him to view the mass graves at Katyn in 1944. An ex-Polish diplomat said that his exile government in London asked Moscow fruitlessly more than 50 times about the fate of the missing officers. Two former Polish soldiers testified that officers were winnowed systematically from Soviet prison camps in 1939 and 1940, never to be heard of again.

A third Polish army veteran offered even graver evidence. He testified that he watched from hiding in a nearby tree in October 1939, when 200 Polish officers were slaughtered by Red army soldiers at Katyn. It was night time, he said, and the victims were led two by two to the edge of a huge ditch illuminated by floodlights. "First," he continued, "they tied the [victim's] hands together and then tilted the head back, and they packed sawdust into the victim's mouth. If he showed signs of collapsing while in their hands, they just

ARMED FORCES

The Cost

The Navy this week released some figures that help to explain the real size of the Korean war. In 10 months since the invasion, 472 ships of the Military Sea Transportation Service have carried 678,322 people, 65 million barrels of gas & oil, and 12.9 million measurement tons (including 1,100,000 measurement tons of explosives) of Army, Navy and Air Force supplies to Korea and the Far East.

This means that General Matt Ridgway's command (seven divisions) has taken two-thirds the amount sent to MacArthur (21 divisions) for the march from New Guinea to the Philippines, about one-fourth the amount shipped by the Army to the entire Pacific Theater, including Asia and Alaska, in nearly four years of World War II.

THE ADMINISTRATION

New Boss for OPS

Wisecracking Price Stabilizer Mike Di Salle, who resigned to run for Senator from Ohio, last week got a serious-talking successor: ex-Governor Ellis Gibbs Arnall, 44, of Georgia.

For Arnall, the appointment ends five years of political exile, and Arnall is a politician from sole to crown. Son of a well-to-do Newnan, Ga. businessman, young Ellis captured five top campus offices at the University of Georgia, graduated first in his law class ('31). Elected to the state legislature at 26, Arnall rocketed upward as floor leader, assistant attorney general, attorney general. In 1942, the "boy wonder" flashed into national prominence when he beat the late Gene Talmadge for the governorship.

Governor Arnall cleaned up the state educational system, ended the pardon racket, virtually wiped out the state debt. He launched a vigorous and successful "pro-Georgia" campaign to lift the state's economic level.

To his friends, Arnall was a shining liberal, to his Georgia foes an out & out "nigger lover." He eliminated chains and shackles from Georgia's notorious prisons, had the poll tax repealed, fought for revocation of the Ku Klux Klan's state charter. Barred by law from succeeding himself in office, Arnall in 1946 saw Gene Talmadge sweep back to power, but die before he could take office. (Gene's son Herman was elected governor in 1948.)

Arnall capitalized on his record with a lucrative lecture tour (\$1,000 a lecture). From law practice in Atlanta, his post as president of the Society of Independent Motion Picture Producers and the presidency of the Dixie Insurance Co., he has been earning close to \$100,000 a year.

Like a veteran, Arnall played cat & mouse with the OPS job offer. When he finally accepted it, he issued a statement that "in America someone must ever be willing to perform the difficult but tough, unpopular and thankless tasks." Some Washington hands think that he believes Truman will run and is simply getting on the bandwagon.

Mike Di Salle offered Arnall some general advice on how to "grin & bear" the trials of OPS. Arnall will be facing three trials in short order: 1) the price-wage dispute in the steel industry; 2) the program of partial decontrols, already launched by Di Salle; 3) congressional hearings on the new price and wage stabilization bill.

CRIME

The Night of the Game

When the police arrested John Arno Schulz, a 16-year-old Milwaukee high-school boy, for speeding in St. Louis County, Mo. this week, they asked him what he was doing so far from home. He readily told them:

"Saturday night I wanted to go to a basketball game. My mother kept arguing



Associated Press

ELLIS ARNALL
A cat-and-mouse technique.

about staying out late. . . My mother and I have been arguing and fighting ever since I can remember. . . After dinner I went up into the attic and got my father's .410 shotgun, a bolt-action gun holding four shells. . . My father had left for La Crosse. I put a handful of shells into my pocket and came down the stairs and put the gun in the hall. Ralph Trede called up. He is 17 years old. He asked me if I was going to the basketball game.

"Then I got into an argument with my mother again. . . I asked her where the [car] keys were but she wouldn't tell me. I got the gun [and] went back to the kitchen. . . and called her by her name, Catherine. She turned around. . . I shot

her in the stomach. She fell, started to get up, and I fired another shot, hitting her in the face. About that time my brother Robert, eleven years old, started toward the phone. . . to call the police. I shot him, and I think I hit him in the shoulder.

"He ran into the bedroom, and my little sister Catherine, six years old, began screaming. Robert was rolling on the floor and trying to get under the bed, and I shot him again. [Catherine] was screaming too much, so I shot her. I was just mad or something. I went back to the kitchen and shot [mother] again. I went back to the bedroom. My brother was moving a little. I reached over the bed and shot him again. I don't know how many times I shot my sister. I dragged my mother into a bedroom and closed the door. I found the keys to the car in a jewel box on the dresser.

"I picked up Donald Smith and Everett Myers, and we went to the basketball game at Pulaski High School. Pulaski won, I think it was 55 to 46. After I got home from the basketball game, it was about 1 o'clock in the morning. I took a bath, shaved, put on a new suit and packed my grip. I looked for money. I gathered up about \$127. I wrote a note to my father. . . It said: 'Sorry things have happened this way. Maybe we will meet again. . . Your Twisted Son.' Then I drove toward Geneva, Illinois. I followed [Route] 66.

"I had nothing against my brother and sister. They were my buddies. I don't have to go to the funerals, do I?"

When St. Louis police called them, officers in Milwaukee reported that they had no knowledge of such a murder, but 15 minutes later the boy's story was verified—his father got back to Milwaukee, walked into the house, and all but stumbled over the bodies of his wife and two children.

NEW YORK

Systematic Graft

Ever since Halley's comet flickered across the television screens last year, the U.S. has been discussing organized graft and crime. Still, the U.S. may not quite understand how organized crime can become. Subjected to the American genius for systematic administration, the casual bribe and the brutal threat are sublimated (and made more dangerous) by standardization of services, fixing of prices, replacement of piecemeal by a regular wage, centralization of authority and cost accountability. A case in point is that of James J. Moran.

When his old pal, Mayor Bill O'Dwyer, made him New York's first deputy fire commissioner, Moran set out with a crusader's zeal to correct one of the city's perennial rackets: the shakedown of contractors seeking permits to install oil burners and tanks. Last week, as Moran was on trial in Manhattan, charged with 23 counts of extortion, even the most exacting connoisseur of corruption had to admit that he had done an amazing job.

Before his day in office the racket had been haphazard in the extreme—non-



N.Y. Daily Mirror—International

JAMES J. MORAN
A businesslike shakedown.

uniformed fire department inspectors had simply demanded whatever they thought a contractor would pay. But Moran put things on a business basis. He put fire inspectors in uniform, doubled their take-home pay by matching their salaries with graft money.

Under the Moran plan, an ironclad schedule of graft rates was instituted—\$10 to \$35, depending on the size of an installation. Most of the city's 1,000-odd contractors were thus able to predict the bribe necessary to get a burner or tank certified for operation, and the more vent among them were able to pass the cost along to the customer in their early estimates.

One witness, Fireman James F. Smith, told the jury that he handed Moran up to \$2,500 at the Knights of Columbus gymnasium in Brooklyn every Friday. After the bundle was passed, Moran and Smith invariably played a friendly round of handball.

To protect the honor of the fire department, no inspector was ever allowed to certify an unsafe burner or to wink at a leaky tank; contractors were forced to comply with the law before a bribe was accepted. If a contractor refused to pay, nobody threatened him; the collector simply waited for cold weather to jar him into paying.

The prosecution estimated that the city's oil-burner contractors were bled of \$500,000 a year. And when Moran learned that the new Impellitteri administration had barred him from further profit, he took it in a businesslike way. "Well," former Fire Captain James Keohane recalled his saying, "we had a good run of it and it's the fortunes of war."

The jury found Moran guilty on all counts. After this, it will hardly be necessary to investigate whether Organizer Moran also violated the antitrust laws.

The Literary Life

As sad and grimy dawn came to a Brooklyn subway station one day last week, police rounded up seven disheveled bums who were sleeping in an empty train. Only one pleaded not guilty to disorderly conduct. Nursing the hangover from an all-night party, Maxwell Bodenheim, one of the old breed of Greenwich Village Bohemians, insisted he was only an innocent straphanger. The sick old (61) poet-novelist spent the day in jail before a friend posted \$25 bond.

Pathetic and ineffectual, Bodenheim flaps through the Village today, eating and drinking when he can cadge a handout or peddle a bit of verse in the San Remo bar on Bleecker Street. Mostly he lives on gin and the memory of a time when the literary life brought him greater rewards.

Scandal & Upstart. In the first quarter of the century, Bodenheim, along with men like Carl Sandburg, Ezra Pound and Edgar Lee Masters, spawned Chicago's lusty artistic revolt. Harriet Monroe's *Poetry* and Margaret Anderson's *Little Review* fought for the privilege of introducing his eccentric verse. Teamed with

Ben Hecht, he provided his share of the scandal and uproar that lit up the city.

He helped Hecht to found the Chicago *Literary Times*, an irreverent journal that described Chicago as "the jazz baby—the reeking, cinder-ridden, joyous Baptist stronghold . . . the chewing-gum center of the world, the bleating, slant-headed rendezvous of half-witted newspapers, sociopaths and pants makers." He headed east to Greenwich Village in the 1920s.

He wrote *Naked on Roller Skates*, a novel about a girl who wanted to live with "an A number one, guaranteed bastard [who will] beat my heart and beat my brain . . . and lug me to . . . the lowest dives . . ." He wrote *Replenishing Jessica*, about a millionaire's promiscuous daughter. It became a bestseller in 1925; Bodenheim and his publisher were charged with



N.Y. Journal American—International
MAXWELL BODENHEIM
Gin, jail and triumphant memories.

selling obscene and indecent literature, but triumphantly beat the rap.

Bean Pots & Trouble. Then in the '30s, his books stopped selling. Money came seldom and trouble often. Once, on an unconventional camping trip, the poet scalded his right foot by stepping in a pot of hot bean soup. Police said he had been dancing in the moonlight. He demanded relief for poets from a municipal relief agency. Given a \$2.50 voucher for groceries, he complained that he had no home, no way of cooking the groceries, and cried indignantly that he was unable to eat the voucher itself. He was reported dying of tuberculosis, and 50 Greenwich Village poets and painters organized a fund drive to send him West. They raised \$12. Two months later he was picked out of a gutter, rushed to Bellevue Hospital. His illness was diagnosed as alcoholism.

Acquitted this week, he did not seem particularly disconcerted by his misadven-

ture. Everybody seemed to feel sorry for Bodenheim but Bodenheim. "The Village," he said, "used to have a spirit of Bohemia, gaiety, sadness, beauty, poetry . . . Now it's just a geographical location." But as he hustled back to the San Remo bar, he acted as though he thought he might save it from mediocrity still.

DISASTERS

"Oh, How I Prayed"

Twice in eight weeks, Elizabeth, N.J. heard the thunder of an exploding airplane, and rushed to the streets to pick up the dead. The planes, one taking off, the other landing at nearby Newark Airport, crashed in the heart of the city, killing 79 passengers and six of Elizabeth's citizens. City officials blamed the airport for routing the planes over their homes, demanded that the field be shut down. The Port of New York Authority announced that it was rushing work on a new runway that would shut most of the traffic away from Elizabeth.

The new runway was not yet in operation last Sunday night, when National Airlines' Flight 101 rolled out for take-off. With 59 Miami-bound passengers, the four-engined DC-6 climbed south over the moonlit marshes.

At 1,000 ft., Stewardess Nancy Taylor, checking her passenger lists in the rear of the plane, heard an engine cough, begin to sputter, then die: "It made a terrible rumbling sound." The plane nosed downward. The radio at Newark Tower crackled out a message: "Is everything all right?" The pilot replied: "I lost an engine. Am coming back."

Stewardess Taylor heard the pilot gunning the good engines: "We seemed to level off. Then, about a minute later, we started falling and I knew we were going to crash. I could hear screams and yells. Oh, how I prayed."

The plane swung low over Elizabeth, fighting for altitude. In a top-floor apartment at 656 Salem Avenue, Mrs. Wally Shulan heard the plane. "I think it's going to hit," she cried to her husband. Skimming low, the airliner lost flying speed, smashed into the roof of the apartment house, skidded across, spilling gas from its broken tanks, and dropped into a children's playground. Within seconds the 50-family apartment house was in flames.

Stunned and blackened figures began staggering away from the DC-6's shattered fuselage, wandered into the street littered with bodies and bits of twisted metal. Stewardess Taylor was found hanging upside down, still strapped in her seat. "I'm so mixed up," she mumbled. "It's so terrible."

The stewardess was the only survivor of the crew of four. Amazingly, 36 of the 59 passengers got out alive. Four residents of the apartment house were killed. The Port of New York Authority closed down Newark Airport, one of the nation's busiest and best, to consider what fate and mechanical failures had done.

TERRITORIES

The Brown & White Mosaic

"The performance of those fellows is a shameful and disgraceful one," said Hawaii's voteless delegate to Congress, Joseph R. Farrington, in a half sob of frustration last week. "What they're doing to us is a crime."

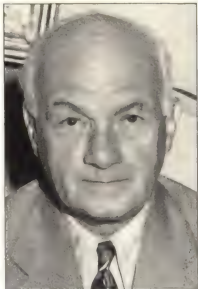
Next week "those fellows"—the U.S. Senate—will take up the petition by the Territory of Hawaii for admission to the union as a full-fledged state. Hawaii has been petitioning for statehood for 98 years—and from the talk in the cloakrooms, Joe Farrington knows the odds are against him again this time. Far worse, the talk in the cloakrooms is the *quid pro quo* talk of politics, e.g., if Hawaii is Republican, then we should let in Democratic Alaska. Joe Farrington's lament is provoked by the fact that nobody is asking the only question that matters: "What kind of place is Hawaii in the year 1952?"

The Hawaii of 1952 is a string of volcanic islands in mid-Pacific where half a million U.S. citizens are living the most spectacular story of all the incredible stories of Americanization. In the decade since the Jap attack on Pearl Harbor, Hawaiians have faced a half-century's accumulated problems of transition: the breakdown of economic monopoly, the rise of aggressive labor unionism, the threat of Communist control, the restlessness of homecoming veterans, and the rights, problems and adjustments of linguistic and racial minorities. For each problem they have found, if not the answer, at least a piece of an answer. Out of the pieces, Hawaii has created a bright new mosaic of American life.

It is a startling contrast to the dog-eared picture of Hawaii which most mainlanders (including Senators) carry around in their minds. According to the cliché, Hawaii is the home of bula dancers, ukulele players and dark-skinned surf riders, the stage for potential treason from the inscrutable Oriental-American, the impregnable bastion of Pearl Harbor, and the domain of those ancient monopolists, the Big Five.

Sack Suits. Today, as before, the center of the sugar and pineapple kingdom lies between Bishop and Fort Streets in Honolulu. But the men who stride briskly in & out of the air-conditioned buildings are not proprietors in the 19th century sense; they are corporate managers.

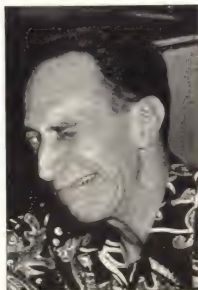
Like their brethren in the corporate world from San Francisco to Boston, they incline toward the Brooks Brothers sack suit—and wouldn't be caught dead in an open-necked, flowered aloha shirt during business hours. Shares of all but one of the Big Five are traded on the Honolulu Stock Exchange. Between stockholders' meetings, the corporate executives manage sugar and pineapple plantations, and manage them with great skill. They compete with each other for insurance business. They still have tight control of sugar and ultimate say-so over the Matson



WALTER F. DILLINGHAM
A Yankee conscience in a sack suit.

steamship line, but dominate very little else. They lean over backward to live up to the letter of their labor contracts with Harry Bridges' International Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Union, and pay fancy salaries for labor-relations and public-relations advisers. "Hell," snorted a plantation owner recently, "they are so damn busy at Bishop & Merchant with labor-relations meetings that they've forgotten how to raise sugar."

The Old Way. The Big Five of old were the five sugar factoring companies which controlled trade to & from the mainland, and thus were in a position to gain control over plantations, wholesaling and retailing. The most eloquent surviv-



HARRY BRIDGES
An aloha shirt on the party line.

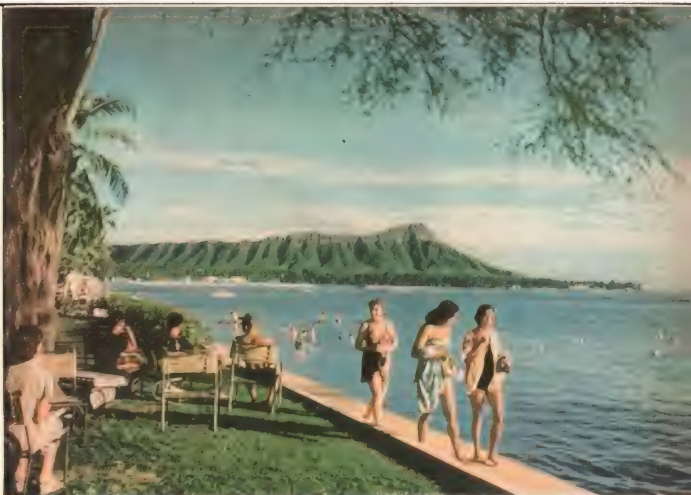
ing spokesman for those days is Walter Dillingham, 75, the social arbiter of the islands, and owner of a controlling interest in the influential morning Honolulu *Advertiser* and a dozen island enterprises.

Walter Dillingham and his contemporaries saw Hawaii through a prosperous paternalistic era. Their unchallenged rule was tempered by the tradewinds and the Yankee conscience imported by their forebears, the New England missionaries who came around Cape Horn in the 1820s. Dillingham opposes statehood and is regarded as an archconservative in Hawaii today, but even his view is vastly more liberal than that of the late Richard Cooke, diehard president of the Hawaiian Sugar Planters Association. Said Cooke in 1930: "I can see little difference between the importation of foreign laborers and the importation of jute bags from India."

Big Doubt. Old Dick Cooke's extreme view on labor is balanced today by another extreme. Harry Bridges' blanket organization of Hawaiian longshoremen, sugar and pineapple workers has the distinction of being the only Communist-led union that controls the workers in the basic industries of a large and vital area of the U.S. In a crisis, this fact could be dangerous—but the danger can be exaggerated. There is no doubt about the loyalty of the 25,000 Hawaiian I.L.W.U. workers to their union. Since 1940, Hawaiian agricultural wages have risen faster than any other agricultural wages in the world (pineapple pay has risen from 33¢ an hour to \$1.16, average sugar from 39¢ to a base of 91¢, and both now have escalator clauses). But there is a big doubt that the field workers would ever follow Bridges on a political tangent. Australian-born Harry Bridges was convicted of perjury April 10, 1950 for swearing on a naturalization petition that he never had been a Communist, has appealed the verdict (and will be deported to Australia if he loses). In Honolulu, Bridges plays the Communist international line with considerable caution.

Last fortnight he breezed into the islands to dedicate a handsome new, three-story I.L.W.U. headquarters building just a mile from the luxury hotels of Waikiki beach. "You've got a new problem," said Harry, his long neck jutting from his open-throated green and white aloha shirt. "You know, there's a board sitting in Washington whose expressed purpose is to deny you your rights. It's the Wage Stabilization Board . . . If they try to take contract gains away from you, any strike they've ever had around here will look like a pink tea . . . It's the unions [the bosses] are after. The attacks on those called Communists are a part of it . . . Well, don't think you'll escape by being a goody-goody union."

Bridges is strong in Hawaii mainly because his chunky top lieutenant, Jack Hall, is stronger. Hall personally organized the sugar and pineapple plantations during the war, saw to it that Filipinos and Japanese were installed in the hierarchy of his locals. He ran the sugar, long-



DIAMOND HEAD, looming beyond Waikiki Beach, overlooks busy harbor of Honolulu, Hawaii's territorial capital.

Illustration by James T. McLaughlin

KANEIHE VALLEY sweeps below 2,000-ft. Nuuanu Pali, where King Kamehameha I completed 1795 conquest of Oahu.



H A W A I I A N



WAIMEA CANYON cuts 10-mile-long gorge through Kauai's rain-swept Kokee plateau.



PINEAPPLE FIELDS, contoured to prevent soil erosion.



OAHU School reflects Hawaii's happy blend of races.

I S L A N D S

MOLOKAI

MAUI

Kalaupapa

Kaunakakai

Lahaina

Lanai City

LANAI

Wailuku

Hana

Haleakala

KAHOOLAWE

Hawi

Milo

Mauna Kea
14,184 ft.

Mauna Loa
13,680 ft.

Kailua

Kilauea Crater

Pahala

Naalehu

HAWAII

0 10 20 30 mi.

TIME Map by R. M. Chapin, Jr.



yield territory's second most valuable crop (sugar is first).



HANALEI RIVER winds past Kauai truck gardens. Despite big advances in agriculture, islands must still import two-thirds of food they need.



LILI'UOKALANI PARK, lagoon-laced garden on Hilo Bay, bears name of Hawaii's last queen, who composed traditional island farewell, *Aloha Oe*.



IOLANI PALACE in Honolulu now houses territorial government.



BLACK SAND BEACH, on island of Hawaii, was left by lava flow.

shoremen's and pineapple strikes which cost the islands an estimated \$100 million. There is talk in the islands that Hall is restive under political restraint, might some day challenge Bridges. If he does, the plantation workers will stick with Hall.

Orthodox Step. Long before Jack Hall came along with his union, the Oriental fieldworkers of Hawaii had worked out a more orthodox route to economic self-improvement. Each wave of new laborers would serve out its contract time (three to five years) and then drift off to the cities. There they would scrimp & save to start small businesses and get their youngsters through school.

The territorial government, true to the missionary conscience, provided plantation youngsters with schooling. Says Hung Wai Ching, one of Honolulu's prospering Chinese: "Every one of us, every single Chinese or Japanese or Puerto Rican boy, got a good education. It made us Americans. It's been completely proved here that, so long as we can read anything we want and have good teachers, the end product is just as American as a boy from Virginia or Maine or Wisconsin. Now we want statehood to make us feel like full Americans. Then I'll be just as good as Walter Dillingham."

In racial origin, Hawaii's population of 460,000 (85% U.S. citizens) breaks down thus:

Japanese	40.2%
Part Hawaiian	16.9%
Caucasian	15.3%
Pilipino	13.2%
Chinese	6.8%
Pure Hawaiian	2.4%
Puerto Rican	2.3%
Korean	1.6%
Others	.9%

Since the war, the Chinese-Americans have risen fast. The whites sniffed a bit—but not for long—when a wealthy Chinese family broke a local taboo and moved into a Waikiki beach house once owned by the president of the Hawaiian Pineapple Co. Grudgingly or not, the Chinese are accepted as full-ranking citizens of the islands and are the most Americanized of all the Asian groups there. Chinese who can afford it now send their youngsters to the mainland to schools, just as the whites do.

The Tidal Wave. The Japanese-Americans (who carefully call themselves "Americans of Japanese ancestry," or "AJAs") came into their own in double-quick time over a strange detour. Before the war, they tended to hang together in the atmosphere of the old country: their immigrant parents kept Buddhist and Shinto shrines in the parlor, sent the youngsters to Japanese-language schools (after public school) to learn the elements of parental respect. The attack on Pearl Harbor hit Hawaii's Japanese like a tidal wave. Overnight, the Shinto shrines disappeared, the kimonos and *geta* (Japanese slippers) were burned, and the language schools closed. As one Japanese-American put it: "The country [Japan] we had been taught to hold in such great esteem had attacked our country."

The War Department assigned predominantly AJA units to the European front, kept them out of the Pacific war. The Japanese-American 100th Infantry Battalion came out of the Italian campaign the most decorated battalion in U.S. military history. The 3,600 AJAs in the 442nd Regimental Combat Team, also in Italy, won over 5,000 individual awards, and the 442nd was accounted one of the finest combat outfits in the Army. Thousands of returning AJAs drew on the G.I. Bill of Rights to take college degrees they could not have afforded before the war.

The AJA success in politics parallels the Chinese rise in business. Last year, the AJAs counted a significant victory when 32-year-old Sakae Takahashi, a well-decorated major in the 100th Infantry Battalion, was appointed territorial treasurer.



Wide World
SHERIFF DUKE KAHANAMOKU
And the cops are run by Charlie Chan.

He was the first AJA ever to be taken into the governor's cabinet.

Round & Round. The automobile, symbol of 20th-century America, also stands for emancipation in the new Hawaii. The islands have relatively few paved roads, and most of them just go round & round the shoreline. Yet the Oriental-Americans, on the way up, want to ride just like the whites: in the last five years island registration has doubled. There is now one car for every three and five-sixths persons (U.S. average: one for every four and one-fifth persons).

Hawaii still has plenty of individual racial headaches, but the islands today are one of the best examples of racial relations in the world. The chief of police of Honolulu is a Chinese-Hawaiian named Danny Liu (reporters call him Charlie Chan). The perennial sheriff of Honolulu is famed old Olympic swimming champion Duke Kahanamoku, a full-blooded Hawaiian. Speaker of the territorial House is Hiram L. Fong, a wealthy Chinese-

American lawyer. And a roll call of the territorial legislature counts off Japanese, Portuguese, Chinese, whites and part-Hawaiians (but, as yet, none of the late-coming Filipinos).

The Gcp. The real trouble in Paradise is no longer political or sociological; it is economic. The whole brown and white mosaic rests on a semicolonial economy that is strapped to agriculture, and agriculture is strapped to the hard facts about the land. The total area of the eight islands is about a third larger than Connecticut, but the workable lands are mere fringes running from the sea steeply to the rugged, volcanic mountains. Thus, for agricultural purposes, Hawaii is about the size of a small Ohio county.

This "county" produces about \$230 million a year, mostly from the big sugar and pineapple crops. It has made serious efforts to develop such fringe crops as coffee, cattle, macadamia nuts, vegetables, orchids and fruit. But the income from all agriculture is still far less than the islands' annual bill of imported goods from the mainland. In early 1950, there was a flare-up of unemployment, but the Korean war brought a return of military activity, jobs for about 28,000 Hawaiian civilians, and a new warlike boom. But still the gap is ominous, and Hawaii's planners try to fill it with tourists.

High Winds. It is the tourist Hawaii that Hawaiians have done the best job of selling. The center of this tourist world is the white sand crescent of Waikiki beach, rimmed by the big hotels. Most tourists spend their time lolling in the sun—with perhaps a duty circuit of Honolulu's island of Oahu. They visit the mid-island pass called the Pali and gaze down with ohs and ahs from its high cliff. There King Kamehameha I in 1795 won an important victory in his campaign to unite the islands by beating the defending Oahuans and forcing some of them, in wild retreat, to leap over the precipice. Most guided tours also stop for a look at Diamond Head and the starchy Victorian-style government buildings.

But too few tourists discover the really spectacular scenery of the other islands: the painted-desert colors of Kauai's Waimea canyon; the vast, gaping Crater of the Sun atop Haleakala on Maui; the hissing craters and the black sand beach on Hawaii, "the big island." Overall, the islands have the raw material to lure the tourist dollar, but Hawaii's capitalists—old & new—will have to build more hotels before they can handle enough tourists to close the gap between imports and exports.

Whether the gap is closed or not, the patterns of the new Hawaiian mosaic are not likely to be altered for the worse. The changes that have taken place in the swift decade have as much to do with the heart and spirit as with economics. Struggle still becomes an island paradise. In a few more years, the worlds of Walter Dillingham, Jack Hall, Hiram Fong and Sakae Takahashi may relax together into the old Hawaiian custom of enjoying living.

FOREIGN NEWS

GREAT BRITAIN

A Good Omen

The bells tolled, the black-draped drums acknowledged and echoed the news. King George VI was dead, and a 25-year-old young woman ascended the throne of a realm that encompasses a quarter of the globe and a fourth of its inhabitants.

The news shocked, saddened, and in a strange fashion, inspired. A steadfast and modest King had died peacefully: this fact eased the sadness. The new Queen, young and popular, bore a proud name and the promise of a new era. In an age which prides itself on practicality, dismisses pomp as pretension, and regards royalty as an empty anachronism, the meaning of the Crown seemed suddenly clearer. Respect, earned and freely given, is its strength. Tyrants might demand but could not command loyalty so spontaneously offered. At a precarious moment in Britain's history, the passing of George VI and the accession of Elizabeth II strengthened the one tie that still binds the Commonwealth to the mother island—fealty to the Crown.

In Britain, political activity was stilled and party strife suspended at a moment when Parliament was plunging headlong toward a serious split over foreign policy, its first since 1949. The news postponed a critical struggle for power within the Labor Party, and rescued Winston Churchill from a situation that was causing him real concern. The issue which the House of Commons debated was whether Britain should stand beside the U.S. in whatever new perils may come in Asia. Tangled in that issue was a latent mistrust of the U.S., a concern over Britain's role of junior partner, and the political ambitions of Left-Wing Rebel Nye Bevan.

The debate became acrimonious and mischievous. To hear the Bevanites tell it, it was the U.S., not Communist China, that menaced the peace. In the heat of the Laborite assault on Churchill's foreign policy, Foreign Secretary Anthony Eden was jolted out of his usual debonair mastery of the House, even lost his temper and apologized for it. Churchill maneuvered desperately to head off an end to the bipartisanship in foreign affairs which has lasted through World War II and six years of Labor government. Abruptly, the news from Sandringham House snuffed out the whole debate. One Laborite muttered: "It's a wonderful get-out for the old scoundrel [Churchill]." The debate will be resumed, but the moment and the mood will be different.

In London's winding, grey streets and Britain's wintry countryside, cares, queues and cold war persisted. But for the moment, they were overshadowed by the ceremony of death and the proclamation of a new reign.

Drawn by six black horses, a caisson bearing the King's coffin made its way from Sandringham to the railroad station,



THE QUEEN

With consent of heart and tongue.

down a two-and-a-half-mile winding road lined by hushed thousands. Prince Philip and the Duke of Gloucester walked behind the caisson, followed by a limousine in which rode the women in the family, veiled in black. A special train took the royal party to London, 103 miles away. There, on a windy, rainy afternoon, the coffin was led through crowded, silent streets to Westminster Hall, where the King would lie in state until his funeral this week.

Now began the second Elizabethan Age, and in its name the people of Britain saw a good omen.

Elizabeth II

(See Cover)

On her 21st birthday—it was only five years ago—a British Princess faced a microphone in South Africa and in a clear girlish voice made a solemn promise to her father's subjects all over the world. "I declare before you all," she said, "that my whole life, whether it be long or short, shall be devoted to your service and the service of our great imperial family to which we all belong."

Millions of British subjects, who felt a quickening reassurance at the sound of these words so simply spoken by the girl who would one day become their Queen, felt a further reassurance in the thought that she was still a girl, and that her promise would not, for many years, be brought to the test. Last week, with fearful suddenness, Britain's Princess entered the life of service she had promised.

With her husband Philip, Princess Eliza-

beth was once again visiting her father's African realm when the tragic news reached her.

Queen Unaware. "The King is dead; long live the Queen," stated thus traditionally with hardly a pause, is no mere paradox. It encompasses a principle close to the essence of British monarchy; that the realm is never, even for an instant, without a ruler. Britain's new Queen, the sixth woman to rule over England, became sovereign without even knowing it. With Philip, her staff and their game-hunting hosts, she was spending the night in a tree hut in Kenya's Royal Aberdare Game Reserve, watching big game gather at a jungle waterhole. It was one of the rare moments of her projected five-month tour during which Elizabeth could really enjoy herself. As a herd of 30 elephants lumbered into view before sunset, she seized her husband's arm. "Look, Philip, they're pink," she whispered. The elephants, grey by birth, had been rolling in the pinkish dust of the forest. Prince and Princess delightedly snapped pictures.

Too excited to sleep during the rest of the night, Elizabeth kept leaving her cot to watch other nocturnal visitors at the waterhole. In the morning she breakfasted on bacon & eggs, and tossed bananas to baboons below. Just before noon, clad in apricot-colored blouse and brown slacks, Britain's Queen, unaware of her high position, left the hut in high spirits over her "tremendous experience" and vowed to come again soon with her father. "He'd love it," she said.

Back at their cedarlog lodge (a wedding present from the people of Kenya), Elizabeth and Philip bathed, rested, changed their clothes and settled down to discuss plans for pruning out some gum trees which hid their view of snowcapped Mount Kenya.

It was not until early in the afternoon that Philip got the news (by telephone from a local newspaper) that changed their lives. He sent an equerry to call London for confirmation, then gently led his wife down to the river's edge and told her that her father was dead. The Queen returned to the lodge on her husband's arm, shaken but in full command of herself. All that afternoon, she kept busy supervising the myriad arrangements for the long trip home, penning formal regrets to the hosts she would have to disappoint, bidding goodbye and signing photographs for the staffers and attendants she was leaving behind.

At 5:30 p.m., Elizabeth took a last walk around the grounds with Philip, then climbed into a car for the drive to Nairobi Airport. A Dakota flew the royal couple to Uganda, where the same four-engine Argonaut that brought them from London was waiting to carry them home again. A few minutes after the first take-off, the plane's pilot picked up a radio message of condolence from Britain's Prime Minister Winston Churchill. Then,

THE KING IS DEAD

On his last day, the King went shooting among the oak trees and bramble thickets of the royal estate at Sandringham in Norfolk. Bareheaded and cheerful in the wintry sunshine, the King shot 50 hares, brought down a pigeon with a fine 100-ft. wing shot. That afternoon, pulling off his boots, George VI said contentedly to his shooting companions: "It's been a very good day's sport, gentlemen. I will expect you here at 9 o'clock on Thursday." Footman Daniel Long, who took a cup of cocoa to the King at 11 p.m. and found him in bed reading a sportsman's magazine, was the last person to see the King alive.

Early next day, a servant brought the King's morning cup of tea. The tea was never drunk: a blood clot had stilled George VI's valiant heart as he slept (see MEDICINE).

In the Shadow. He called himself a "very ordinary person"; it was not easy for him to be a King. His health was poor, he was shy and awkward, he stammered. His youth was spent in the shadow of his comparatively dashing elder brother. Of all King George V's sons, Prince Albert Frederick Arthur George, known to his family as "Bertie," was the most unassuming. To his formidable great-grandmother, even the date of his birth—Dec. 14, 1895—seemed inauspicious: as 76-year-old Queen Victoria noted in her journal, it was the 34th anniversary of the death of her beloved Consort, Prince Albert.

His childhood was strictly governed. His father, then Duke of York, kept his sons at arms' length except when he felt it was his duty to reprimand them. "Bertie and I," wrote elder brother Edward, "came in for a good deal of scolding." Years later, watching his spirited daughters splashing through a swimming lesson, George remarked in wonder: "I don't know how they do it. We were always so terribly shy and self-conscious as children."

At 13, Bertie enrolled in the Royal Naval College at Osborne. He liked the navy, and the navy's simple life; he ate with relish the traditional bread, cheese and onions—washed down with beer—before turning in at night. He once got himself punished for letting off fireworks in the head. A pale, slim sublieutenant, sometimes doubled up with pains diagnosed much later as an ulcer, he saw action in the Battle of Jutland, where, as "Mr. Johnston," he was second-in-command of "A" turret aboard H.M.S. *Collingwood*. "The King," remembered Turret Commander W.E.C. Tait years later, "made cocoa as usual for me and the gun crew during the battle."

The Industrial Prince. After the war, he proposed three times to a Scottish lady named Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon before she accepted him. She was a commoner (the first to become a Queen since Henry VIII's day), and dreaded the bleak rigidity of royalty's life: "I said to him I was afraid . . . as royalty, never, never again to be free to think or speak or act as I really feel . . ." On the eve of their wedding in 1923, the London *Times* looked right past the royal couple and remarked, with more meaning than good manners, that the public awaited, "with still deeper interest," the marriage of the Duke's "brilliant elder brother."

While his father reigned and his elder brother gaily globe-trotted, Bertie conscientiously studied manufacturing processes and workers' hours and wages (he was president of the Industrial Welfare Society). He was called "The Industrial Prince." His still-persistent stammer made public speaking a wearisome chore, yet on one occasion, while rehearsing a speech at Wembley, he endeared himself to a crowd of startled workmen by stammering into a microphone, "This d-d-damn thing won't work," just as it started working. He played a good game of left-handed tennis, shot golf in the 80s, liked to hunt, and was content to let his brother Edward make the headlines.

In 1936, after a reign of but eleven months, Edward's headlines got scandalously big.

The constitutional monarchy of Britain had long since

been bereft of power; Edward's abdication seriously diminished its authority and prestige. George VI spent most of his reign re-establishing them. Approving the man, the people gradually recovered their reverence for his office.

Holding a Fort. World War II completed the process. While the Duke of Windsor spent the war years in his Bahamas sinecure with the woman for whom he had abandoned the throne, the King held the fort in London, and endured like other Londoners. Like theirs, his home was bombed. His children, like theirs, were sent to the country; his relatives, like theirs, died in the line of duty. He shared with his people the sweat and tears of war. A memorable wartime newsreel depicted on one side of the Channel a ranting, raving Hitler, surrounded by tanks and planes, and on the other side, all alone, the quiet figure of the steadfast King.

Two nights a week George slipped into overalls and stood at a bench in a nearby arms plant, turning out precision parts for R.A.F. guns. Every Tuesday he lunched with the Prime Minister ("I made certain he was kept informed of every secret matter," said Churchill). While the fires still burned in devastated Coventry, the King tramped from ruin to ruin, picking his way between tottering walls and unexploded bombs.

At war's end, looking as weary as any other man of 50 who had lived through those years, George VI stood on the balcony of Buckingham Palace and heard his people sing with full and grateful hearts:

*Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the King!*

The Enduring Honor. In postwar Britain, it was George's constitutional duty to approve legislation that created the welfare state and wrested from the crown its brightest single jewel, the Indian Empire. Yet in drab, austere, Socialist Britain, the popularity of the monarchy reached a new zenith. Britons clung to the royal family as the last source of traditional color and ancient ceremony. And the royal family was something much more, though more intangible: the visible embodiment of good form—what the British call "decency." King George's quiet courage, his unostentatious persistence in meeting the everyday duties of his job, personified to Britons their own stubborn refusal to be downed by adversity.

Three years ago, on the eve of a state visit to Australia, the King fell seriously ill with a circulatory ailment. Last year the Commonwealth held its breath as doctors removed his cancerous left lung, and held thanksgiving services in December when he seemed to be out of danger.

He had won his people's hearts in the only way left to majesty, which no longer can stir by bold decisions or amaze by feats of derring-do. He made ordinariness shine. Exhausting himself by faithful performance of the tedious ceremonial rounds, exemplifying in his family life a warm blending of affection and rectitude, he gave his people a standard of conduct to rally to. Winston Churchill, paying a last tribute to his sovereign friend, acclaimed a King "so strong in his devotion to the enduring honor of our country, so self-restrained in his judgments of men and affairs; so uplifted above the clash of party politics yet so attentive to them, so wise and shrewd in judging between what matters and what does not . . . He was sustained not only by his natural buoyancy but by the sincerity of his Christian faith."

"During these last months the King walked with death as if death were a companion, an acquaintance whom he recognized and did not fear. In the end, death came as a friend . . ."

Summoned to the King's chamber by the news, the King's widow, dry-eyed but showing the strain of her shock, leaned over his bed to kiss his placid forehead. "We must tell Elizabeth," she said, a moment later. Then she corrected herself. "We must tell the Queen."

at last, Britain's Queen broke down in sobs.

Reassuring Farewell. The great city which would be her capital awaited the new Queen's arrival in stunned silence. "I've never seen Piccadilly Circus so quiet," said a London doorman. Only four months ago, King George's people had worried through his terrible operation and his slow recovery. Then they had seen him, a week ago, in newsreels and newsphotos, bareheaded and seemingly hale, waving a cheery farewell to his daughter at London airport. Despite his still haggard features, they had felt a surge of relief at the apparent improvement in his health. The royal tour itself was reassuring: the Princess would never have undertaken so long a trip if her father were not well on the road to recovery. But Elizabeth could know the truth no more than they.

Lowered Flags. As the news of the King's death spread in ever-widening circles out of London, many met it in bewilderment or plain disbelief. "Ere now, don't you go spreading rumors about like that," said a burly policeman at Sandringham's gate to an early-bird reporter. Even after the rumor became an official bulletin, announced by the BBC and newspaper extras, some at first refused to believe it. "After all," argued an indignant Londoner, "Mr. Churchill didn't announce it." "It can't be true," cried an old lady at the black banner headlines on a London news stall. "It can't be true."

But true it was, and gradually the realization settled on Britain's capital. Silence, broken only by the subdued march of traffic and the dismal tolling of church bells, took over. Union Jacks fluttered to half-staff. Shops and factories all over the nation closed down. The BBC canceled all remaining programs after its initial bulletin. Cinemas and theaters called off their shows. The stock market closed for the day. At Lloyd's, the famed Lutine Bell, historic herald of momentous news, clanged once, and all business ceased. Even London's famous burlesque house, Windmill Theatre, which boasts of never having closed even during the Battle of Britain, shut its doors.

Many Londoners instinctively headed for Buckingham Palace, to stand for hours in a cold drizzle of rain, despite the fact that none of the royal family was in residence there. Others gathered outside to Downing Street. The Prime Minister's house, outside Clarence House, Elizabeth and Philip's home, outside Queen Mary's Marlborough House and dark, rambling St. James's Palace, where the new Queen's accession would be proclaimed. They were not waiting for a show; no pageantry or display was expected that night. They just felt that was the place to be.

Great & Humble. In King George's island kingdom and in the far reaches of his still vast dominions, there was a feeling of individual loss in the passing of this simple, decent man whose spare, frail person had embodied such personal endurance, such symbolic might. Far beyond the limits of his Commonwealth, in lands

that offer Britain no more than grudging respect, great men and humble men paused to acknowledge the death of the British King.

In Rome, the Soviet standard atop the Russian embassy on Janiculum Hill beat all other official flags, including even the British, to half-staff. In Cairo, where charred and blackened ruins stand in silent testimony to Egypt's hatred of all things British, King Farouk declared a 14-day period of public mourning for the dead sovereign. In India, whose republican government no longer recognizes the Crown, bazaars were closed and a national eleven-day period of mourning was proclaimed. In Dublin, a little Irish lady stood crying on a street corner as she read of the British King's death, while the Republic's President Sean O'Kelly made plans to attend the funeral of the man



GEORGE VI

With sorrow and the tolling of bells.

whose crown was a symbol of his nation's traditional oppression.

From Paris, Stockholm, Oslo, Rio, Copenhagen, Washington, New York, The Hague and other great cities of the world, official messages of sympathy poured in to the bereaved royal family. Salutes of 36 guns (one for each year of the dead King's life) boomed from Tower Hill, and from the gun turrets of British warships on most of the seven seas. In Melbourne, Australia, a group of bellringers in St. Paul's Cathedral heard the news just as they were practicing a merry peal of welcome to Elizabeth and Philip; the bellringers set their bells tolling mournfully instead.

"The Queen's Keys." But even as the shocking news interrupted the smooth flow of past into future, a new present was making itself felt. The King was dead, but the Crown remained, and it must be fitted promptly to a new head. In London's High Court, King's Counselor Harold Shepherd had just finished cross-examining a defendant when the news came. The court adjourned. Ten minutes later, the lawyer resumed the floor as Queen's Counselor. Painters at another

London court set to work painting out the sign "King's Bench" and replacing it with "Queen's Bench." "Who goes there?" sang out the sentries in a traditional nightly ritual at the Tower of London. "The Queen's Keys," came the new answer. There were a multitude of adjustments to be made in a nation where everything is run in the name of the sovereign. Six months hence, for instance, a new coinage would appear bearing a likeness of the Queen, facing, in accordance with tradition, in the opposite direction from her predecessor. But first, there was the complicated procedure of establishing without question the sovereign's identity and right to sit on the throne.

King George's death caught Parliament in the midst of one of the harshest debates in its recent history, and instantly stilled that debate (see above). On Wednesday afternoon, the House of Commons met briefly to hear the news officially announced by the Prime Minister, and then recessed. The government ministers, together with leaders of the Opposition, the Privy Council and other prominent Britons, had a more important meeting to attend: the meeting of the Accession Council, the oldest governmental convocation in England, 192 of whose members gathered at St. James's Palace to determine formally the new sovereign's accession and title. The council's task was complicated by the fact that Elizabeth, the first British monarch since George I to be out of the country when her predecessor died, was still 4,000 air miles from London and hence unavailable to proclaim, as required, that she is a Protestant. Nevertheless, in two hours, the councilors decided that she was indeed the rightful sovereign, and at 7 p.m. the House of Commons met again to hear their report and swear allegiance to the new Queen. Then they adjourned. That night London was dark and still. The neon lights in Trafalgar Square and Piccadilly Circus had been turned out and, except for restaurants, all public places were closed tight.

Next day the Queen herself arrived at London's airport. Winston Churchill had urged Londoners to stay away, and a mere handful of reporters and officials were there to greet her. A black coat hiding her greyish-blue dress (she had taken a black dress with her, but there had been no time to unpack it), her face a pale, wan oval beneath a tight black hat, Elizabeth stood in the door of the plane, looking down at the bare heads of the men who had come to meet her. With a brave half smile, she came quickly down the steps. The black-clad semicircle bowed as one man. Elizabeth shook hands with the Prime Minister. Then, followed by Philip, she walked gravely along the line of Privy Councilors, shaking hands and murmuring a word to each. The Argonaut's eight crewmen disembarked and saluted, and the Queen shook hands with each of them. Then she climbed into her waiting car and rode to Clarence House, past rows of silent, bare-headed subjects lining the road, mile after

(Continued on page 35)

NEWS IN PICTURES



THE QUEEN RETURNS: Mourning statesmen (Eden, Attlee and Churchill) pay respects to new monarch at end of her 4,127-mile

flight home from Kenya. Death of George VI brought Elizabeth back to London just seven days after departure on round-the-world tour.

AP Wirephoto



SILVER JUBILEE: Flanked by jovial King George V and regal Queen Mary, Margaret, the Hon. Gerald Lascelles, the sixth Earl of Harewood and Elizabeth acknowledge London's 1935 tributes.

Associated Press



TENTH BIRTHDAY: Princess Elizabeth and her father (then Duke of



CORONATION: King George VI and Queen Elizabeth, with Margaret and Elizabeth, wore traditional crowns and ermine for Westminster Abbey rites in 1937, after abdication of Edward VIII.

Emmery Wilson



V-E DAY: Royal family and wartime Prime Minister, staunch symbols of



United Press
York), always devoted companions, ride together through the Great Park on wooded grounds of Royal Lodge at Windsor.



European
WEDDING DAY: Elizabeth and Philip, Duke of Edinburgh, then a lieutenant in Royal Navy, leave Westminster Abbey after ceremony in 1947.



British fortitude, respond to thunderous cheers of 100,000 Londoners hailing Allied victory outside Buckingham Palace. During last months

of war, Elizabeth was a second subaltern in the ATS, learned to drive and service trucks at a motor training center in southern England.



"GOD SAVE THE QUEEN": Procession winds through Trafalgar Square with ancient pageantry to announce that monarchy will

continue unbroken in person of Elizabeth II. Flags were raised to full staff for six hours after first proclamation of Queen's accession.



THE ROYAL FAMILY: Elizabeth and Philip, with Prince Charles, 3, now heir apparent to the throne, and Princess Anne, 1½, second

in succession, posed for informal group portrait in spacious gardens of Clarence House, before their trip to Canada and U.S. last year.

Associated Press

mile. As she stepped from the car, a guardsman tugged on a halyard and sent the Royal Standard fluttering up the flagstaff of Elizabeth's house.

The High & Mighty. When King George's only sister, the Princess Royal, distracted at the news of her brother's death, had rushed into her mother's apartment, hair askew, 84-year-old Queen Mary had told her: "Please do your hair properly when you come before the Queen." More than anyone, perhaps, Queen Mary was conscious of the great destiny that had come to her granddaughter, the princess whom she had so often reproved and scolded in the past. When Elizabeth entered Clarence House, Queen Mary was waiting, perfectly prepared, to curtsy before her. The Queen talked with her grandmother for half an hour, put in a call to Sandringham to her mother and sister, and went over the arrangements for the King's funeral with the Duke of Norfolk (Earl Marshal of England)* and the Earl of Clarendon (Lord Chamberlain). That night, while all Britain listened to Churchill's eloquent eulogy of her father, she rested.

Next morning, followed at a discreet distance by her husband Philip, the Queen walked along the garden path linking Clarence House with St. James's Palace, to receive the homage of her Privy Council and sign the oath of accession. An hour later, in a blaze of medieval pomp, her accession was formally proclaimed. Crowds of thousands jammed Pall Mall, St. James's Street, Friar Road and The Mall. Four state trumpeters, resplendent in gold-laced tabards, stepped out on a balcony of St. James's Palace, followed by sergeants-at-arms bearing maces. In the courtyard below stood guardsmen holding rifles and bandmen with drums muffled in black. As the trumpeters blurted a brassy fanfare, Britain's Garter Principal King of Arms Sir George Bellwe—flanked by the Earl Marshal, two more Kings of Arms, six Heralds and three heraldic Pursuivants, all dressed like himself in tabards and cockaded hats and bearing staffs of gold, silver and ebony—stepped forward and raised a huge parchment.

"Whereas," he cried, "it hath pleased Almighty God to call to His Mercy our late sovereign lord, King George VI, of blessed and glorious memory, by whose decree the Crown is solely and rightfully come to the high and mighty Princess, Elizabeth Alexandra Mary, we therefore Lords Spiritual and Temporal of this realm . . . do now hereby with one voice and consent of tongue and heart publish and proclaim the high and mighty Princess Elizabeth Alexandra Mary is now . . . become Queen Elizabeth II, by the Grace of God, Queen of this realm and all her other realms and territories, head of the Commonwealth, Defender of the Faith, to whom her lieges do acknowledge all faith and constant obedience with hearty and humble affection; beseeching God by

THE RIGHTS AND DUTIES OF THE QUEEN

British royalty reigns but does not govern. According to a famed British constitutional scholar, Walter Bagehot, Queen Elizabeth II "could dishband the army; she could dismiss all the officers . . . she could sell off all our ships-of-war and all our naval stores; she could make a peace by the sacrifice of Cornwall and begin a war for the conquest of Brittany. She could make every citizen in the United Kingdom, male or female, a peer; she could make every parish in the United Kingdom a 'University'; she could dismiss most of the civil servants, and she could pardon all offenders."

Queen Victoria, in whose reign Bagehot was writing, exclaimed: "Oh, the wicked man, to write such a story!" Elizabeth might feel the same way, for, as every loyal subject knows, the British Constitution cannot be understood by people who think it says exactly what it means. The monarch's will is presumed to march with the will of her ministers. Elizabeth's actual rights as a Queen are only three: the right to be consulted by the Prime Minister, to encourage certain courses of action, and to warn against others.

She calls a party leader to form a government, but the person she designates must command a majority in the House of Commons. (George III was the last monarch to summon and dismiss ministries at will.) Elizabeth's power to grant or refuse a dissolution of Parliament is real enough, but she would use it independently only in extraordinary circumstances—e.g., if death or strife hopelessly entangled the wheels of party government.

What She Must Do. Personifying the authority she cannot wield, the Queen has duties that far exceed her powers, and must sign thousands of papers. She enacts laws by and with parliamentary assent, appoints judges and magistrates who act in her name,* confers titles and creates peerages. She is supreme head of the Church of England and the Church of Scotland, which makes her an Anglican south of the Tweed, and a Presbyterian north of it. She is guardian of infants, idiots and lunatics (the Lord Chancellor actually does this job). If a condemned murderer should be pardoned, the Home Secretary will tell her so (George VI conscientiously read up on capital cases, but often discussed the case afterwards with the Home Secretary).

What She Can Do. If the Queen pleases, she can ride in a horse carriage down Rotten Row, where others can only ride horseback. Her picture will appear on postage stamps, but she will not need them; her personal mail is

franked. She can drive as fast as she likes in a car which needs no license number. She can tell her sister Margaret when she can marry, and will surely advise her on whom to marry. She can confer Britain's highest civilian decoration, the Order of Merit—one honor in which the Sovereign retains freedom of choice.

What She Can't Do. Elizabeth cannot vote. Nor can she express any shading of political opinion in public. The last monarch who did that was George III, who in 1780 personally canvassed Windsor against the Whig candidate Keppel. Elizabeth cannot sit in the House of Commons, although the building is royal property. She addresses the opening session of each Parliament, but she cannot write her own speech. She cannot refuse to sign a bill of Parliament. She cannot appear as a witness in court, or rent property from her subjects.

What She Owns. Elizabeth is one of the world's wealthiest individuals. Although a monarch's private holdings (and will) are unpublished, the crown jewels are estimated at up to \$140 million, and Buckingham Palace's gold dinner service at \$10 million. It is impossible to price-tag the private estates at Balmoral and Sandringham, the library of Windsor Castle and the art treasures of Buckingham Palace. The Queen owns 600 of the Thames River's 800 swans, all sturgeons and whales caught in home waters, the land around the perimeter of the islands between high and low tide, all gold and silver mines in Britain (there are none to speak of), all treasure trove in Britain, and the exclusive right to search for oil in the United Kingdom.

She is entitled to an annual ground rent of one snowball from the Munros of Foulis, and a white rose from the Duke of Atholl. The royal real-estate holdings are enormous: estates in Dorset, Wiltshire and Somerset, beaches in Cornwall and Devon, 100,000 acres of farmland, immensely valuable land in London (the south side of Piccadilly Circus, both sides of Regent Street, two theaters, three restaurants and the Carlton Hotel). But Elizabeth "owns" these properties only nominally. They are administered by Crown Commissioners for the benefit of Parliament, under a bargain struck with George III in 1760. In return, Parliament will vote Elizabeth the Civil List, under which her father received \$1,148,000 a year. This may be increased for Elizabeth. Whether her husband will get a separate allowance is still to be decided. Elizabeth will also get the revenue from the 50,000-acre Duchy of Lancaster (about \$280,000 last year). As Queen, she pays no income tax.

* The Premier Duke of the realm, and a Roman Catholic.

* And in whose courts she cannot be sued or arraigned for any crime, including murder.

Whom kings and queens do reign to bless the royal Princess Elizabeth II with long and happy years to reign over us. God Save the Queen.*

At the last words, the half-staffed flags of London climbed upward once again to fly at full-staff for six hours, in honor of the new Queen. The sun itself, as though a providential stage manager had planned it, chose that moment to break through the dismal overcast. As the heraldic procession moved on, in gilded coaches, to proclaim the great tidings at other key points in the city, Londoners felt a warmth in their hearts like the sudden sunlight. The dead King was not forgotten, but today they had a new Queen.

Libbet. R. Long after Elizabeth herself had any realization that she would one day be Queen of England, Britons the world over had felt the destiny that lay before her. The curly-haired baby Libbet had caught their heart and their imagination almost from her birth. As time and unpredictable fortune brought her closer to the throne, Elizabeth had proved herself more & more qualified to occupy it. As a rather fat little girl, as an earnest and leggy Girl Guide, as a shy, devoted daughter whose only rebellion took the form of insisting on doing war work like other girls, as a princess in love, as a radiant bride and young mother, Elizabeth grew up before a public which closely watched and freely

commented on her progress. There had been a few lifted eyebrows, penciled higher by London's Sunday tabloids—as on the occasion, a year ago, when Elizabeth left her children in London for three months to visit Philip, on naval duty in Malta. But most people saw nothing amiss in the fact that this shy and serious young woman, born to serve and schooled in duty, should have some fun as a service wife at her husband's side. Certainly she returned from the Mediterranean looking tanned and healthier. It was Philip who persuaded her to slim down by forgoing potatoes, sweets and wine, and who encouraged her to become style-conscious, abandoning the fussy fashions of the Windsors for tailored simplicity.

Any lingering doubts of Elizabeth's natural dignity and well-schooled manners were dispelled for good last year, when Elizabeth toured Canada and the U.S. with Philip, earning respect and affection wherever she went.

Unlike his three-year-old son Prince Charles, who on his mother's accession automatically became Duke of Cornwall, Duke of Rothesay, Earl of Carrick, Baron of Renfrew, Lord of the Isles and Grand Steward of Scotland, the Duke of Edinburgh has no change in titular status: he is still simply the Queen's husband. It is an awkward and difficult position. His last predecessor was Victoria's German-speaking husband, and Britons took a long time getting used to Albert. Philip, born in Corfu and once sixth in line for the Greek throne, is a great-great-grandchild of Victoria and Albert, like his wife. A British subject, he is by instinct, schooling and tongue thoroughly English.

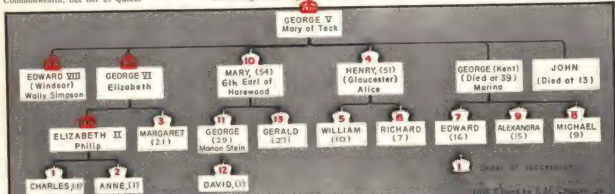
But some still think of him as a foreigner.

It is up to Elizabeth to decide whether and when to elevate him to the rank of Prince Consort. Many expect that she will, at the time of her coronation. But even as a mere ducal husband, 30-year-old Philip is bound to play an influential part in the Queen's affairs. In Canada, exercising his easy charm at his wife's side, and managing to maintain a discreetly subordinate position, handsome Philip proved himself a graceful diplomat, an affable salesman of royalty.

Last week, as for six hours the Union Jack flew high over London, Britons regarded their royal couple proudly, in the sure sense that all would be right with the realm. The young Queen would be guided by her husband and her mother, and that was a good thing. But it was also a good thing that—as generally acknowledged—he has a mind of her own. She becomes Queen at the same age—25—as her famed namesake. By comparison with that of her ancestors, Elizabeth's great inheritance has dwindled sadly, but England has known its greatest days under its queens. Last week, as British officers, for the first time in 51 years, directed their wardrobe and regimental toasts “to the Queen” instead of “to the King,” Britons felt in their bones that Elizabeth will be good for them.

To Papa. Elizabeth the Queen, a girl of 25 who had lost her father, might have been pardoned for not altogether sharing her subjects' mood of renewed hope. On the afternoon of the proclamation, in somber black, she and Philip climbed into the back seat of her crested Rolls-Royce, and headed for Sandringham.

* Her father took the oath as ruler of “Great Britain, Ireland and the British Dominions Beyond the Seas, King, Defender of the Faith, Emperor of India.” Gone now are references to “Ireland, Dominions and Empire.” The Republic of India recognizes Elizabeth as head of the Commonwealth, but not as Queen.



MANY a peer of England is more anciently British than the royal family. The first of the present ruling house was George I (1714), a Hanoverian. After Victoria's death and her son's accession to the throne, the line became known as Saxe-Coburg; in World War I King George V changed the family name from Saxe-Coburg to Windsor. Queen Elizabeth II is the fourth and probably the last Windsor to sit on the throne: three-year-old Prince Charles, the heir-apparent, is a member of the House of Mountbatten, his father's family, which Anglicized its name from Battenberg.

This chart shows the line of succession as it is today. If Prince Charles dies or abdicates without heirs, his little sister Anne will inherit the throne. Next in line after Anne: the new Queen's sister, Princess Margaret. Thereafter, the suc-

cession goes through the late King George VI's brothers, nieces and nephews: first, to the Duke of Gloucester, and his sons William and Richard; then, to the children of George, Duke of Kent, who died in World War II when his R.A.F. flying boat crashed in Scotland. They are: Edward, now Duke of Kent, Michael (whose godfather was Franklin D. Roosevelt) and Alexandra. Last of all in direct succession is George VI's only sister, the Princess Royal, and her family: George, seventh Earl of Harewood (rhymes with Gar Wood), sometime opera critic for the left-wing *New Statesman* and married to a Viennese pianist, their year-old son, and his younger brother, the Hon. Gerald Lascelles (rhymes with tassels), who once shocked the court by falling in love with a bonny barmaid, reduced the shock by not marrying her.



MARY I



ELIZABETH I



MARY II



ANNE



VICTORIA

Baltmann Archive; Culver; United Press

The longest reign, the golden ages.

Ladies with Scepters

Crowds lining the London streets waved as she passed. Elizabeth smiled wanly back, but her features were still locked in sadness. Philip sat gravely beside her. Once on the open road, the couple moved into the Rolls's front seat and Philip took the wheel.

At Sandringham, where local carpenters had spent the night making a simple coffin of oak cut from the forests nearby, Elizabeth greeted her mother and sister quietly, kissed her children and then went to the second-floor room where her father's body lay. At sundown, a cortege of George's woodsmen and gamekeepers, headed by a kilted pipe-major playing a Scottish lament, wheeled the bier to the parish church, where the King's body lay in state for two days before being taken to London's 12th century Westminster Hall, adjoining the House of Commons. Across the meadows and through the woods went the soft lament of the bagpipes. All that night the King's gamekeepers, in green buckskin jackets and dark knee breeches, took their turns standing honor guard in two-hour shifts, four at a time, one at each corner of the coffin. All next day and the day after, villagers filed silently past to pay their last respects to their King and squire as he lay in the simple casket. Three wreaths lay on the coffin: one from his widow, one from his younger daughter, one from Britain's Queen. The last, a white circle of lilies of the valley, carnations, carnations and hyacinths, was marked: "Darling Papa, from your loving and devoted daughter and son-in-law, Libbet, Philip."

Those words marked the final farewell to girlhood of the lonely young woman whose name in history would now forever be signed: Elizabeth, Regina.

* The sun has set an hour late at Sandringham since the reign of George V, who had the clocks set forward to provide more time for shooting. The new Queen decided that she would preserve the custom.

† The Queen proclaimed full mourning until May 11, an unusually short period, indicating that the coronation may take place this summer. During this period, members of the royal family, of Parliament, and of the diplomatic service are expected to wear black, and to cut down their social engagements. Many others voluntarily conform: last week one manufacturer sold 27,000 black ties to London shops in one hour.

"Famous have been the reigns of our queens," said Winston Churchill last week. Britain's two golden ages—the Elizabethan and the Victorian—bore the names of queens. Five queens have reigned before Elizabeth II.

Mary I (1553-1558) tried to restore Catholicism in England, but the fires of her persecutions only hardened Protestantism, increasing its popularity and making its triumph inevitable. She had a personal reason for being anti-Protestant: when her father, lusty Henry VIII, defied Rome and nullified his marriage to her mother, Catherine of Aragon, for a time Mary had to renounce her royal claims and style herself a bastard. She was an honest, well-intentioned woman who withered everything she loved and unintentionally fostered what she hated. To please her husband, Philip II of Spain, she enlisted England in a disastrous and unpopular war on France. After five years on the throne, she died alone, deserted by her husband, detested by her people, and nicknamed "Bloody Mary."

Elizabeth I (1558-1603), Mary's half-sister, found England on its knees and left it exuberantly reaching for empire. She made England unmistakably Protestant again, as it has been to this day. Her policy was to be "mere English": she determinedly kept her people out of continental entanglements and gave them 30 years of peace in which to develop their resources—industrial, commercial, maritime and artistic. Then began a surge to empire: Elizabeth's privateers, Drake and Frobisher, singed the beard of the Spaniard, Sir Walter Raleigh planted the royal standard in the forests of Virginia, and England's gallant little fleet repulsed the Spanish Armada. Elizabeth queened it over an age crowded with greatness, which nourished such figures as Shakespeare and Ben Jonson. She was the strongest queen and the most vital woman ever to rule England.

Mary II (1689-1694), daughter of James II, three-quarters of a century later acknowledged Parliament as the real ruler of England, thereby dissolving a long quarrel which had drained England's strength and postponed its power. Already first lady of The Netherlands when called to England's throne, Mary agreed

to cross the Channel only if her husband, Stadtholder William III of The Netherlands, could be co-ruler. Together, the two assumed kingship, making Mary the only feminine King in English history. Actually, Mary, a dutiful, intelligent woman who added a touch of respectability to a loose age, did little except serve and adore her stern, taciturn, unfaithful but capable husband. Like Mary I and Elizabeth, she died childless.

Anne (1702-1714), the younger sister of Mary, had the good fortune to rule in the era of one of Winston Churchill's ancestors, the Duke of Marlborough, whose victories made England the strongest power in the world. A skilled diplomat as well as a great soldier, Marlborough led a Europe-wide coalition that broke the power of France. At the Peace of Utrecht, he won for Britain such imperial gems as Gibraltar, Newfoundland, Nova Scotia, Hudson Bay territory.

Anne also gave her name to an elegant era marked by Christopher Wren's architecture, the Queen Anne chair, the thinking of Bishop Berkeley and Isaac Newton and the writings of Swift, Addison, Pope, Steele and Defoe. Personally she was a dull, respectable woman who spent most of her reign swathed in bandages to ease the pain of her gout and dropsy. She produced 15 children but all died, leaving her the last of the royal Stuarts.

Victoria (1837-1901) had the longest reign in British history. After a lonely, over-protected childhood, she was awakened one night to be told that her uncle, William IV, was dead, and that she, at 18, was Queen. Three years later she married her shy, studious cousin, Albert of Saxe-Coburg, and bore him nine children, whose marriages allied England with the ruling houses of Germany, Russia, Greece and Rumania. In the first part of her reign, in the turbulent debates over the Reform Bill and during the unsettling changes of the Industrial Revolution, she quarreled frequently with her ministers. As she grew older, and her Empire prospered and expanded, she came to exemplify Britain's solid, enduring middle-class virtue, summed up in the word Victorian. When it came time to celebrate her diamond jubilee in 1897, Britain was at the summit of its imperial power and glory, and recognized in her the symbol of its majesty.

GERMANY

Rearming, with Provisos

All over West Germany, people tuned in. Red-handed kitchenmaids hurried through with the morning dishes so as to catch the 9:30 openings of the sessions—the radio carried every word spoken from West Germany's *Bundestag*. Over the two days it was probably the most closely followed debate in German history. The victors, who seven years ago vowed to keep Germany disarmed, were now urging her to take up arms. The debate quickly got down to what price the Germans could extract for obliging.

Pleas & Warnings. As he mounted the rostrum and waited for the jingle of the little long-handled silver bell which starts debate, 76-year-old Chancellor Konrad Adenauer looked tired. For months he and the allies had been negotiating a "contract," a preliminary peace treaty, to replace the occupation. He was near the end of his bargaining, he said, and at the stage

Inside & Out. When he sat down, the Socialists went after him hot & heavy, anxious to fix his party with the onus of a peace treaty they could fight at the polls 17 months from now. Adenauer's own Centrist coalition fought him too. In the end, they tacked on to his rearmament resolution four sticky conditions:

- 1) The freeing of all war criminals convicted by allied courts, except those whose crimes were "in the conventional sense of the word."
- 2) A guarantee of full future membership in NATO.
- 3) A promise from the French that they would not "prejudice" the Saar situation.
- 4) An end of allied controls on German cartels, allied restrictions on war production, and allied bans against atomic experimenting.

With these restrictions tied on, which would raise plenty of problems for the allies to settle at their forthcoming Lisbon session, Adenauer's rearmament resolution went through by a vote of 204 to 156.

As Faure well knew, France is on a gaudy whirl. Its cost of living, already high, has jumped 23% in the past year. Heat and light are up 42%. Last week the Paris Opera raised its prices 17% and Parisian cab fare jumped 20%. Ministers worried whether tourists would come to so expensive a country. The French themselves worried about the spreading gap between wages and prices.

Beset by demands from the left for an escalator wage bill and denunciations from the right for daring to consider it, Faure staked his three-week-old government on a characteristic Gallic compromise—an escalator with a built-in landing. If the cost of living jumps more than 5%, the government would have one month to try to bring it down, before being forced to raise wages. On a procedural question, Faure won by 17 votes. But nobody cried *Vive l'Austrérité*.

UNITED NATIONS

Ten Million Words Later

After deliberating 13 weeks, listening to 10,720,000 words (enough to fill twelve Bibles), and issuing 40 million handouts, the U.N. General Assembly concluded its Paris session and adjourned until Sept. 16, when it will meet again in New York.

Its contributions to world peace: 1) the establishment of an international Disarmament Commission, which will probably get nowhere; 2) a resolution asking member nations to keep armed forces ready for use against aggressors. Russia objected to both. The Assembly's final vote was another Russian defeat: a decision (51 to 5) to rush into special session if a Korean peace is signed, or, more ominously, if "other developments in Korea make consideration of them desirable."

INDIA

Five-Year Fuse

Jawaharlal Nehru thought he knew where India's dragon lay, and went off to slay him. "Communism," he declared, "is India's greatest enemy. In the north, this communal poison has created hatred between Hindus and Sikhs. In the south, it has created antagonism between Brahmins and non-Brahmins. . . . Unless we wipe out these communal parties, India will go to pieces."

By "communism" he meant India's ancient and narrow religious practices. The princes, priests and fanatics, with the ancient magic of caste and superstition, obscured Nehru's dream of a modern, self-sufficient India. Last week, with three-fourths of the returns counted in the Indian republic's first general election, Prime Minister Nehru and his Congress Party recorded a smashing victory over the dragon. The far-right political organizations had collected only one-thirtieth of the total votes cast, won only ten of the 497 seats in New Delhi's House of the People.

Fighting the Right. Nehru personally trounced Prabhudatt Bachchhari, a Hindu holy man vowed to silence, who



"BUT WILL HE PLAY DEUTSCHLAND ÜBER ALLES ONE DAY?"
To the victors, four conditions.

where he needed a parliamentary majority behind him.

For 2½ hours Adenauer spoke reasonable words, as a European rather than as a German. The proposed European army, he said, would not only help hold off Russia but, in 10 or 20 years, would make impossible any recurrence of wars between France and Germany. As for Germany, she would have equality within the European defense community, "which would, in turn, become a part of the developing Atlantic community. . . . I have no possible doubt that we shall one day become a member of NATO quite spontaneously." As to the vexed question of who should control the Saar (TIME, Feb. 11), he spoke in general terms about "negotiating the problem in due time in a way that will do justice" to both French and German interests. Then he laid down a warning: "The great danger is that some day public opinion in the U.S. might say that we Europeans don't want to realize the danger we are in, and that we keep on squabbling among ourselves over side issues. Then they might withdraw their help."

FRANCE

L'Austrérité

For two hours last week the French, who regard austerity as something that uniquely suits the English temperament, heard some bad news about their own economy.

In a cool, monotonous voice, new Premier Edgar Faure painted a gloomy picture for the Assembly. Production has greatly increased since 1945, but, said Faure, "this improvement is insufficient to allow simultaneously building, modernizing, fighting the Indo-Chinese war, rearming and improving the standard of living."

In 13 months France's trade balance with the European Payments Union skidded from a favorable \$212 million to an unfavorable \$202 million, and a \$560 million budget deficit is in sight for 1952. With a side glance at Britain's "Rab" Butler (TIME, Feb. 11), Faure pleaded: "The Finance Minister or Prime Minister . . . has a right to speak a similar language to that of the Chancellor of the Exchequer." Faure's temporary remedies sounded like Butler's: fewer dollar imports, tax relief for exports, reduced travel allowances.



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had challenged the Prime Minister in his home district (TIME, Jan. 28). Nehru's Congress Party was assured of at least 43% of the total vote. It won some 375 seats in the House of the People and majorities or near-majorities in at least 23 of 25 state legislatures.

The massive election was a triumph for the democratic process: of 173 million adults eligible to vote (80% of them illiterate), 100 million cast their ballots. Old customs held down the vote in some sections. Around Rajasthan, 3,000,000 women failed to get on the electoral rolls because they would not break with custom and declare their names.

The election was a great personal triumph for vibrant Prime Minister Nehru. In 18,056 miles of campaigning and 720 speeches, he boldly confronted the holy men and nobles in their home grounds, and strove mightily to break their hold on the minds of India's teeming millions. He also worked hard to keep his dream for India unswayed by political trafficking. Confronted with dissatisfaction over the squabbling and nepotism within his own sprawling Congress Party and with growing discontent over the worst agricultural conditions in a century, Nehru might have made things easier for himself by a step obvious to any politician. To court transitory popularity, he could have curtailed his long-range hydroelectric and agricultural projects, which cannot be expected to bring results for five or six years, and poured out millions to buy food and cloth. Nehru raised taxes, stuck to his plans, and went into the country to sell his dream.

Trouble on the Left. His victory was marred by a bright red scar. Battling valiantly against the right, he turned his back on the left—a characteristic failing. "I agree with the aims of the Communist Party," he kept repeating, "but I differ with Communists in the methods of achieving them . . . through murder, loot and arson." This soft indictment, the iteration that "in Communism there are certain good things," was no way to lick them. Now the Communists are emerging from the election as India's No. 2 party. There were signs last week that Nehru himself had begun to see his mistake.

Though they collected but 6% of the total vote, the Communists spotted their candidates so well that they got about 30 of their top strategists and orators elected to the House of the People, bunched their winners in a few important state assemblies. More important, they have collected a formidable following among India's educators, artists and intellectuals, and have gained the support of influential groups willing and able to finance them.

The election gave Nehru another five years to try to solve India's eternal problems of poverty, sickness and famine. The Communists, with a beachhead in Parliament and the inimitable Communist talent for waxing fat on misery, will be standing by and hoping for failure. "This," observed a U.S. official in India, "is a problem with a five-year time fuse on it."

IRAN

Another Round

Teheran voters last week gave Premier Mohammed Mossadegh his newest triumph. In three days of balloting for the Majlis, they elected eleven of Mossadegh's twelve National Front candidates, crushed the threat of the Communist Tudeh Party and whipped his No. 1 parliamentary opponent, wealthy landlord Jamal Imami. The more violently fanatic the candidate, the more votes that candidate polled. Topping the list: Firebrand Hussein Makki,



PRIME MINISTER NEHRU
After a defeated dragon, a red scar.

the Huey Long of the Frontists, closely trailed by Religious Leader Ayatulla Kashani, boss of the gunman-terrorist wing of the Frontist Party. With only one-sixth of the election returns in for the entire country (and with 36 killed in election troubles), Mossadegh seemed to be winning a clear mandate to take his country further down the road to bankruptcy.

WAR IN KOREA

"Operation Quagmire"

In a big U.S. limousine with whitewall tires, North Korea's dapper General Nam Il drew up at the Panmunjom truce site, nodded coldly to Vice Admiral Charles Turner Joy, and read the Communist draft for the fifth and last item on the armistice agenda. This is just a talk point—what future recommendations (not binding) shall be made to the governments concerned. Though two more important issues—safeguarding the truce and exchanging prisoners—remained to be settled, the U.N. still wanted to hear what Nam Il had to propose.

Again: Formosa. He readily obliged. The Reds want a high-level political conference within three months of the armistice signing, at an unspecified place, but with the U.N., North Korea and the "government of the People's Republic of China" represented at the table.* Nam Il made no mention of the government of South Korea. The conference first would take up the question of withdrawing foreign troops from Korea, and then deal with other problems in Asia bearing on "the peaceful settlement of the Korean question." Obviously, this involved mild demands for control of Formosa and for seating Red China in the U.N.

After three days in which messages crackled between the Allied truce camp at Munsan and Tokyo, Admiral Joy gave the U.N. answer. It agreed that some political action should be taken within 90 days of a truce, but insisted that South Korea should be represented. It agreed that withdrawal of troops might be considered first, but insisted that only "Korean questions related to peace" should compose other agenda items. The Reds agreed to invite South Korea, scorned the rest.

Bargaining Inertia. At this point, after seven months of futility and frustration, Matt Ridgway and his advisers—hitherto high among the optimists—felt moved to warn against unquenchable bursts of Allied optimism. In a radio bulletin, they soberly assessed, under the label "Operation Quagmire," the Communist truce tactics as exhibited since last July:

"The Communist plan throughout the last seven months has called for a temporary show of progress following each period of complete delay. The Communists have known that, at certain times throughout the talks, they must inject a certain modicum of achievement as the price for their main program of bargaining inertia. This is a part of the Communist war of nerves. Hope must be raised and dashed according to schedule . . ."

If this analysis is correct—and it seems to be—just how much longer will the Allies allow themselves to be pinned down in the quagmire by Nam Il & Co.?

Fallen Ace

In a battle over Korea's MIG Alley one day last week, Major George A. Davis Jr., greatest of U.S. jet fighter aces, chopped down two Communist MIG-15s, his 13th and 14th kills in the Korean war. With a wingman, he swept past ten more MIGs looking for the day's third victim.

But a stream of enemy fire caught Davis' Sabre jet; it slipped out of control and crashed to the ground behind the Communist lines before Davis could parachute out. The Air Force listed him as missing in action, but his flying mates felt sure that 31-year-old Ace Davis, of Lubbock, Texas, was dead.

* After more than a year of Red Chinese intervention, this was the first public admission that Red China has an official stake in the Korean war. Up to last week, Red China's well-disciplined and well-led troops had ludicrously but consistently been referred to as "volunteers."

PEOPLE

Troubled Times

During a heated debate in Washington on whether District of Columbia dog licenses should be raised from \$3 to \$5, Virginia's Representative **Howard W. Smith** sounded a warning: "Cats, semi-wild ones, many with rabies, are roaming Virginia. People are being attacked in their front yards . . . I'm all for doing something about cats, perhaps licensing them. They tell me cats are roaming animals. These wild ones may soon roam into the District."

When **Jane Russell**, **Lana Turner**, **Joan Crawford**, **Jimmy Durante** and **Victor Mature** failed to appear as witnesses at the trial of a Hollywood fashion designer charged with stealing a fur piece, the court lost its temper, said: "These Hollywood people ask the protection of the courts, but fail to appear when it doesn't suit their convenience. Who do they think they are? Movie people are no better than anyone else."

After another five weeks in a Zurich clinic for further treatment of his tuberculous spinal infection, **Sir Stafford Cripps** felt well enough to leave his bed a few times each day, was spending the rest of his time doing crochet and tapestry designs, and rereading some of his old favorites, including *Winnie the Pooh* and *Dr. Doolittle*.

After five days of freedom on her fifth escape, during which she managed to get a beauty treatment and a new hairdo, **Winnie Ruth Judd** went back to the Arizona State Hospital in Phoenix and gave herself up. Reason: a grand jury promise to hear her side of the 20-year-old trunk murder for which she was tried and convicted without having taken the witness stand in her own defense.



BLOOM & CHAPLIN
A bow to a ballerina.

New Approaches

In Hollywood, **Charlie Chaplin**, 62, announced that he was finishing up his new movie, *Limelight*, the story of an aging music-hall artist, in which he is the star, producer, director, choreographer, composer, writer and orchestra conductor. The role of a ballerina he assigned to his new leading lady, 20-year-old London Actress **Claire Bloom**.

Amon Carter Jr., 32, son of the publisher of the Fort Worth *Star-Telegram* (circ. 232,861), stepped into the job he had been groomed for during the past 20 years. A paper-tosser with a regular route at eleven, he moved up to office boy, then



KELLERMAN & WILLIAMS
A ban on the Bikini.

staff photographer (as a tank commander in North Africa, he was captured, held prisoner by the Germans for 27 months). Later he sold advertising, was promoted to advertising manager and member of the board of directors of the company. Last week he was named president of the company, and Amon Sr. moved up to chairman of the board, where he will have even more time to promote Fort Worth.

In Hollywood, **Esther Williams**, who has splashed her way to many an aquatic box-office hit, was in the swim again. This time it was the life story of **Annette Kellerman**, a pioneer of the one-piece bathing suit (with full-length tights), which caused her arrest in a shocked Boston 42 years ago when she introduced it. On hand as technical adviser was 64-year-old Annette herself to help with the facts and with Esther's 28-bathing-suit wardrobe.



SENATOR TOBEY
Competition for a crooner.

robe, which includes fluffy bloomers and sleek, skintight numbers, but nothing in the Bikini line. Annette believes the Bikinis "expose some of the less graceful parts of the anatomy."

Identification Tags


Some 7,000 G.O.P. boosters crowded into the gymnasium of Washington's Georgetown University for an evening of political calisthenics, fried chicken and speechmaking. Outshining such professional entertainers as Cinemactor **Adolphe Menjou**, who emceed the show, and ex-Pug **Buddy Baer**, who crooned: New Hampshire's Senator **Charles W. Tobey**, who posed in an Uncle Sam hat, with an "I Like Ike" button on his lapel, a raddled drumstick in hand and a campaign gleam in his eye.

In San Francisco, Beautician **Elizabeth Arden** spoke candidly of the new poodle hairdo: "No one in the world loves dogs more than I do, particularly poodles. But why on earth would a lovely woman want to cut her hair to imitate the canine species? Women's hair should be cut, shaped and curled divinely, but in a feminine fashion. I'm for women looking charming, and always looking like women."

From its headquarters in Arcadia, Calif., an organization which calls itself "The Organized Smiths of America" named Marine General **Oliver P. Smith** ("Retreat, hell! We're just advancing in a different direction") the "Smith of the Year" because he "typifies the fighting American spirit." Among other Smiths who got bows: Humorist **H. Allen** (*Low Man on a Totem Pole*) **Smith** and **Kate Smith**.

In Chicago, **Earl** ("Madman") **Muntz**, onetime used-car magnate turned television tycoon, showed further evidence of his advertising talent by announcing that he would christen his baby daughter **Tee Vee Muntz**.

An inquiring reporter turned up a bit



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handsomely tailored in suits that give you a weekday/weekend wardrobe in one. And for the first time

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MAJ. GEORGE FIELDING ELIOT
CEDRIC HARDWICKE

DENNIS KING
PAUL LUKAS
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the skin, which leaves your face with its natural moisture intact... helps protect it from sun, wind and cold.



To freshen and brace your skin, use Aqua Velva after every shave. Its refreshing feel, its tangy scent will show why it is the world's most distinguished after-shave lotion. Join the After-Shave Club... use Aqua Velva tomorrow morning.

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WEST INDIES CRUISES

14 days—Departing Feb. 20—\$350 up
16 days—Departing Mar. 6—\$400 up

of overlooked Eisenhower family news: last December at Fort Knox, Major and Mrs. John Eisenhower presented grandfather Dwight with his third grandchild, Susan Elaine. Her father, an officer in an armored school, had simply skipped a public announcement of the event.

Money Matters

The New York Times printed a letter from a Londoner who had the itch to gamble: "May I... ask if you can recommend to me the names of three or four reliable, honest political bookmakers in New York (or elsewhere in the U.S.A.) who might be willing to quote me odds on Governor Earl Warren (California) as President. As I may be interested in placing a fairly sizable bet on Governor Warren's chances (if the odds were proper), it would be imperative that I be dealing



QUEEN JULIANA
Up with the times.

with a man of unquestioned integrity and with adequate funds at his disposal."

Except for two dissenting Communists, members of the lower chamber of the Dutch Parliament faced the facts of the times, voted the first royal allowance increase since 1938: for Queen Juliana, a raise from 1,200,000 to 1,500,000 guilders (\$395,000) a year; for Prince Bernhard, a boost from 200,000 to 300,000 guilders.

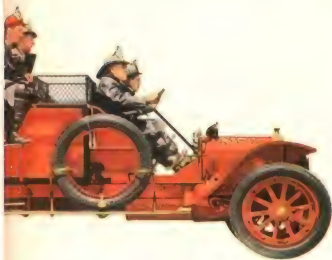
Former Secretary of War Robert P. Patterson, who died in an Elizabeth, N.J. air crash last month, always remembered the patrol of five men who volunteered to crawl to his rescue one day in World War I when he was an infantry captain, cut off and trapped in a German-held segment of the Argonne. Last week four of the surviving men—Patrick J. Carroll, N.Y., Peter Finucane, The Bronx, Richard Foy, N.J., and John Duffy, Brooklyn—plus his old orderly, Samuel Silverstein, Camp Gordon, Ga., learned that Judge Patterson had left each of them a token bequest of \$200.

Sail to Europe

March 28th...

Empress of Scotland

from New York



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A blending of ancient and modern civilization, unique in all the world. Never lovelier than in the Spring.



CASABLANCA
Exotic, exciting North African city, humming today with modern progress. Visit the fascinating bazaars, see the famed native quarter.



THE PRESS

A Bulletin from the Palace

At 10:30 a.m. an urgent call came into the Fleet Street headquarters of Britain's two chief national news services, the Exchange Telegraph and Press Association. On the wire was a royal press office man who said calmly: "Here is an announcement from Buckingham Palace." In a few words, he said that King George VI had died, told the agencies to hold the news until 10:45 to allow time for other official notices to get through. But the news traveled faster than the royal press office had expected. Less than five minutes after the deadline, it was already in the U.S. and flashing around the world. Thus, it was an *East African Standard* reporter in Nairobi who telephoned the hunting lodge where Princess Elizabeth was staying and broke the news ahead of the official notice. The British papers worked just as fast. Within 15 minutes after the flash, London's *Evening Standard*, *News* and *Star* were on the streets with KING DEAD! In half an hour, Rothermere's *Evening News* was out with five pages of stories and pictures.

Kinship. The flash came too late for most U.S. morning papers, so afternoon dailies got the first break. Some of them, such as the *New York Journal-American* and *Philadelphia Daily News*, showed the deep kinship between the U.S. and Britain by running almost the same headlines as the British press: THE KING IS DEAD. They assumed readers would know which king was meant. The *Christian Science Monitor*, which seldom prints "death" in its pages, headed its story GEORGE VI PASSES; ELIZABETH TO FLY BACK TO LONDON, printed not a word about when, where or how he died.

Most papers were well prepared to give the story the big play it deserved. Ever since the King's operation last fall, editors have had pages, complete with pictures and background stories, ready to roll. The *New York Times*, which had four full pages locked up, ready to go to press in 15 minutes, devoted 47 columns to the story, and stopped the presses printing its Sunday Magazine to replate with a cover picture of the new Queen. Editors took extra care to keep from stumbling in matters of royal protocol. The *Dallas Times-Herald* asked the British consul to sit in the newsroom as an adviser on ceremony and mourning. Manhattan's *Herald Tribune* hastily bought a clear, factual story on royal succession, titles, etc., by Editor Cyril Hankinson of *Debut's Peerage*.

After it had sent out a life story of Queen Elizabeth by Reporter John E. Carlowa for its morning-paper customers, International News Service belatedly realized that it needed a new life story for its afternoon clients. It wired London Correspondent Fred Doerflinger to write a new life story from his own sources—and not to read Carlowa. Editorials were reverent without being mawkish. Even McCormick's Anglophobic Chicago *Tribune* bowed its head: "George VI will be re-

membered as a man of simple piety, a good man . . . and a model of what a constitutional monarch should be."

Recollections. Newsstand sales rocketed. The *Los Angeles Times* almost doubled its press run of 50,000, still came close to selling out. In Washington, dailies had an average gain of 10,000 readers apiece, and everywhere papers were grabbed up as soon as they hit the stands. Editors dug hard for local angles. The *Atlanta Journal* remembered that Golfer Bobby Jones had once played golf with the King, and interviewed him on the King's game. *New York Daily News* Columnist John O'Donnell, in a rare moment of benign relaxation, fondly recalled that the King was known to a group of U.S. war correspondents by the unofficial code

on Page One, the Manhattan paper apparently was not sure of the party line. It gave the story exactly 47 words under a one-column head on Page 6.

Grist for the Mill

Since the Korean truce talks got under way last summer, U.N. newsmen have been faced with a dilemma. They have found that Communist correspondents, whom they see every day at Panmunjom, are often a better source of true-talk news than the sparse briefings by U.N.'s own information officers. From such men as Alan Winnington of the London *Daily Worker* and Wilfred Burchett of Paris' pro-Communist *Ce Soir*, U.N. correspondents have extracted Red reaction to U.N. proposals even before the U.N. negotiators announced that the proposals had been made. And high-ranking U.N. officers have frequently asked correspondents what



U.N. & COMMUNIST CORRESPONDENTS AT PANMUNJOM*
Time to stop playing footie.

name, "Harry the Horse,"* when he visited France in the early days of World War II. Manhattan's *World-Telegram & Sun* stamp writer dashed off a column under the head: KING'S DEATH SPELLS NEW BRITISH ISSUES. The *Brooklyn Eagle* reported that the King died at "2:30 a.m. Brooklyn time." The *Phoenix (Ariz.) Republic* took the longest reach of all, ran a statement from climate-plugging Governor Howard Pyle, who had invited the King to recuperate in Arizona. Said Governor Pyle: "The people of Arizona are especially saddened because we had so hoped we might be privileged to help him regain his health."

Amid the black headlines and pages of stories, only Manhattan's Communist *Daily Worker* was out of step. Although London's *Daily Worker* played the story

the Red reaction seemed to be. Many U.N. newsmen disliked fraternizing with Red correspondents, but feared they would be beaten on stories if they didn't. They thought their job was to get the news, no matter how questionable the sources.

Playing the Game. The first big story to come from the Reds was Burchett's account of his interview with General Dean (TIME, Dec. 31). The next came when the Associated Press found that its Pulitzer Prize-winning Photographer Frank Noel, 52, was in a North Korean prison camp. Eager for an exclusive, A.P.'s Boh Schutz lugged a camera to Panmunjom and asked the Communist correspondents to deliver it to Noel. A few days later, A.P. had a set of P.W. pictures taken by Noel. Though they had been censored by the Communists, they were the first pic-

* Some official wartime code names: Truman, "Kilting"; Stalin, "Glyptic"; Harry Hopkins, "Kneepiece"; Eisenhower, "Duckpin"; Stettinius, "Colloidion."

* From left: London *Daily Worker's* Winnington, National Broadcasting Co.'s Julius Zenier, *Ce Soir's* Burchett.

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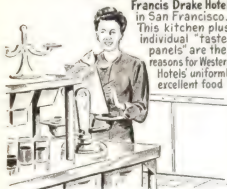


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tures out of North Korea by a Westerner, and got a big play in U.S. papers. The United Press, stung by the beat, struck back with its own photos of General Dean, taken by a Communist correspondent.

Toasting with Lead. Last week Reuters, the British news agency, decided it was time to stop playing footie with the Reds. When the Communists offered pictures of Commonwealth prisoners, Reuters promptly returned them unused. Then the Army stepped in with a warning from Colonel George Patrick Welch, General Ridgway's information officer. Some correspondents, said Welch in Tokyo, had been abusing their rights at Panmunjom by "fraternization and trafficking with the enemy." He said they were guilty of "excessive social consorting, including drinking of alcoholic beverages, with Communist 'journalists.'" The Army's *Stars & Stripes*, which itself had played up every Communist-fed picture and story it could get, joined the attack. It charged that newsmen from "both sides whoop it up with each other's booze while on other parts of the front... the two sides are toasting each other with grenades and lead."

Both blasts were unfair. Though long aware of the U.N. newsmen's competition for Red favors, the Army had never made a real move to stop it. In fact, it had unwittingly encouraged the practice by withholding legitimate news from the U.N. correspondents. As for the drinking charge, some U.N. newsmen had occasionally passed flasks around in the cold of Panmunjom, but "whooping it up" was hardly the right description. The net effect of the Army's ill-considered blast was to discredit the free world's press in the eyes of its own readers, and to provide grist for the Communist propaganda mill. Cried the Peking radio next day: "The Iron Curtain rang down with a clang today, and was marked 'Made in Tokyo.'"

Chicago's Big Six

As science-and-medicine reporter for Hearst's Chicago *Herald-American* (circ. 522,005), Hugh S. Stewart, 59, was a cautious, low-keyed newsmen. In his seven years on a staff that works for the gaudy effect, he seldom wrote a sensational story. But last August he hustled in with a tip that stirred up the city room. Stewart said he had located a woman who was going to give birth to sextuplets later in the month or early in September. Two other papers were about ready to break the story. "I can't even reveal my sources to you," he told the *Herald's* city desk, "so I ask you to accept my word." The *Herald-American* knew just what to do with the story. It splashed an eight-column streamer across Page One: MOTHER HERE EXPECTS 5 OR 6 BABIES. Under his byline, Stewart wrote that "Obstetricians, using stethoscopes, have detected the heartbeats of six babies." The mother's and doctor's names were not given because "obvious criminal medical and psychological problems necessitate such protection."

Delaying Action. When the paper hit the streets, the rival *Tribune*, *Daily News* and *Sun-Times* burst into action. Squads

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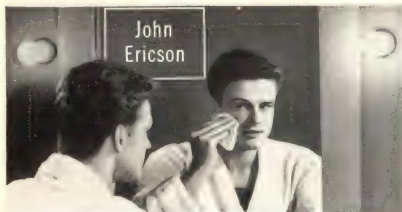
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of reporters started checking hospitals, obstetricians and medical associations. They ran down endless phone tips on the identity of the mother. Stewart fanned the fire with teasing details. The mother, he wrote in 1926 stories, would be 32 on Dec. 2, already had three children, was well-to-do and wanted no publicity.

When September and October passed without the births, Stewart had an explanation for his editors: "The mother's blood pressure went up and the doctor gave her a drug to correct that condition, knowing that this drug would cause a delaying action in the birth." He cleared up one point. "Latest X rays show that there are not six babies but only five. That is definite." By a new calculation, the births should occur by Dec. 27, except that the drug had postponed them another 21 days. By then, Harry Reutlinger, managing editor and a veteran of 36 years on the paper,



REPORTER STEWART

A tip from a Girl Scout.

and Executive Editor Edward C. Lapping were getting even more suspicious than their readers. Last week they called in Reporter Stewart and ordered him to produce the mother—or else. Sadly, Reporter Stewart admitted the awful truth: the story was a fake. He was fired out of hand.

Misgivings. On Page One the paper confessed: "Seasoned and mature editors [have] been duped... The *Herald-American* apologizes to its readers for being misled... by a seasoned, mature newsman [who] had 'cracked up' and fallen for the lure of a false newsbeat."

Ex-Reporter Stewart was deeply penitent. He got his tip, he explained, from his twelve-year-old niece, a Girl Scout who had picked up the story at camp. He said the story was confirmed by the camp leader. After Stewart had written the first few stories, he had misgivings, but could not muster up enough nerve to tell his editors. Said he: "They were right in firing me. I was awfully goofy."

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- ♣ ASCAP's 2,500 tunesmiths will divide a record \$14 million in royalties for the year, an increase of \$4,000,000 over 1950.
- ♣ The most popular composer was Irving Berlin. His songs were performed commercially 600,000 times, earned him royalties of \$60,000. Distant second: Cole Porter, with some 30,000 performances.
- ♣ The songs played most often last year: Hoagy Carmichael's 1929 *Stardust* and Porter's 1935 *Begin the Beguine*.



ELEANOR STEBER (AS DESDEMONA) & RAMON VINAY (AS OTELLO)
For a crazy plan, a crazy man.



Sudge LeBlanc

Soprano Doubleheader

Opera stars who can—or will—sing two major roles in one day are about as rare as pitchers who are up to hurling both games of a doubleheader.* The Metropolitan Opera's Eleanor Steber did it once by accident. In 1945, she sang *Eva* in a *Meistersinger* matinee, then stepped into the evening performance as Donna Elvira in *Don Giovanni* when the scheduled Elvira took sick. Last week Soprano Steber, 35, became the first star in Met memory to sing a doubleheader by design.

She had been scheduled for months to make her debut as the doomed Desdemona in the matinee of Verdi's *Otello*. When she told General Manager Rudolf Bing that she also would sing her new hit role of Fiordiligi in Mozart's *Così Fan Tutte* the same night, Bing's eyebrows went up. "You must be crazy," he said. "But it's up to you."

Hammerlocks. At 12:30 p.m., after a lunch of poached eggs and toast, Soprano Steber turned up at her Met dressing room and began costuming herself as Desdemona. She added a waist-long switch to her blonde hair, got into a "long negligee sort of thing," and was ready to face the volatile Moor (burly Tenor Ramon Vinay) onstage by the 2 p.m. curtain.

In her big arias in the first and third acts and her fourth-act *Canzone del Salce*, her singing was as technically perfect as

ever; her pianissimos were downy, though her full voice had its familiar fault, a trace of stridency. Her main worry, however, was "getting through the afternoon without a broken neck. That man [Vinay] is crazy in this role." She survived two wristlocks and a hammerlock, and managed to display a fair amount of dramatic ability in doing so.

Sirlol and Champagne. By 5:30, after an hour and 15 minutes of singing, she was back in her dressing room. She rested for half an hour, then downed a 1-lb. sirlol and a glass of champagne, while her hairdresser built up her pompadour for *Così*. After an hour's nap, she changed into hoop skirts, and adjusted her mind

from the tragic 15th century Desdemona to the gaily artificial 18th century Fiordiligi. That done, she went to the piano, vocalized on scales for ten minutes, sang a few warm-up bars from *Così*. By curtain time at 8:15, she was ready.

In the second half of her personal doubleheader, she sang one of the most technically difficult roles in opera, and sang it as cleanly and brilliantly as she had on *Così*'s first night. At 11:30, after eight curtain calls, Soprano Steber got back to her dressing room and poured herself another glass of champagne.

Texas All the Way

In Houston's gloomy old municipal auditorium one night last week, Texans plumped into their seats for a go at a favorite pastime: admiring the work of a native son. This time, the son was Composer and Folksong-Arranger (*Home on the Range*) David Wendel Fentress Guion, 56, a short (5 ft. 5 in.) sober-faced man with a pince-nez, who now lives in Pennsylvania. Guion's latest composition: a symphonic suite called *Texas*, commissioned for the Houston Symphony Society.

The society suggested Texas history as a theme, but Guion preferred to stick to folk patterns and impressions of Texas sights & sounds. *Prairie Dusk*, Part One of his 14-part suite, had more than just impressions; Composer Guion even worked in recordings of a Texas cricket singing, a mockingbird calling and a coyote howling. Among the other 13 parts were such plaintive songs as *Buffalo Bayou Song* and *Wild Geese Over Palestine, Texas*, an item

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entitled *Ride, Cowboy, Ride!*, with staccato hoofbeats, and for a climax, a low-down blues piece called *High Steppin'!* *Lula Belle May Ida Brown* of *Lyons Avenue Steps Out!*

Conductor Erem Kurtz, his Houston Symphony and two vocalists gave the suite the full ten-gallon-hat treatment. If it seemed a bit long (50 minutes) and repetitive, few in the audience minded much; it was Texas spirit all the way. Composer Guion, who attended the performance with the symphony society's President Ima Hogg,* stood up to receive an ovation with Kurtz & Co.

Composer Guion hopes that out-of-state audiences will want to hear *Texas* too. "Folk music is folk music, wherever it is, and people love it." But the most enthusiastic audiences will be those between El Paso and Nacogdoches.

New Records

RCA Victor was as surprised as anyone when Enrico Caruso (in reissues) proved to be the company's No. 2 bestselling classical artist last year (No. 1: Mario Lanza). Quickly recovering from its surprise, Victor has reached into the treasury for more. In one LP, labeled *Caruso in Opera and Song*, the great tenor can be heard in ten arias, including familiar ones from *Il Trovatore*, *Tosca* and *La Bohème*. **Famous Duets** includes Caruso and Alma Gluck in *La Traviata*, and Caruso and Geraldine Farrar in the soaring first-act duet of *Madame Butterfly*. The quality of recording varies, since some of the originals were waxed as early as 1908.

Other new records:

Bartok: Viola Concerto (William Primrose, viola; the New Symphony Orchestra of London, Tibor Serly conducting; Bartok Records, 2 sides LP). Bartok sums up his own distinctive chromatic and rhapsodic language in this, one of his last compositions. A magnificent first recording of the concerto by the violist who commissioned it and the composer-conductor who completed it after Bartok's death in 1945.

Bartok: Music for Strings, Percussion and Celesta (the Philharmonia Orchestra, Herbert von Karajan conducting; Columbia, 2 sides LP). Bartok's best work attains one of the marks of a classic: varying interpretations. Karajan distorts the slow movement; in another performance Rafael Kubelik, conducting the Chicago Symphony (Mercury, 1 side LP), is overly fussy with the dynamics. The first recording by Harold Byrnes and the Los Angeles Chamber Symphony (Capitol) is still the best. All recordings are good.

Beethoven: Sonatas No. 8, Op. 13; No. 32, Op. 111 (Solomon, pianist; Victor, 2 sides LP). Except for some affected stretching of the opening phrases of the "Pathétique," British Pianist Solomon's performances are just about perfect. Recording: good.

* Daughter of Texas Governor James Stephen Hogg (1851-1906), named for the heroine of a poem (*The Fate of Marsia*) written by her uncle, Thomas E. Hogg.



COMPOSER GUION
The mockingbird call was real.

Dello Joio: Psalm of David (Crane Orchestra and Chorus of the Potsdam (N.Y.) Teachers College, Helen M. Hosmer conducting; Concert Hall Society, 2 sides LP). Talented, 39-year-old Norman Dello Joio (*TIME*, May 22, 1950) describes this first oratorio as "a 20th century treatment of early French and Italian music." His treatment is skillful, freshly contemporary without being harsh or clashing, altogether distinctly beautiful. Performance and recording: good.

Haydn: Six Quartets, Op. 17 (the Schneider Quartet; Haydn Society, 6 sides LP). These lively quartets are among the first three dozen of the 85 Haydn wrote. The performances are straightforward and sometimes brusque, short on nuance and beauty of tone. Recording: good.

Shostakovich: Song of the Forests (Combined Choirs and State Orchestra of the U.S.S.R., Eugene Mravinsky conducting; Vanguard, 2 sides LP). This oratorio, composed in 1949, won back for Shostakovich the Kremlin favor he lost in 1948. The reason is evident in this first recording to reach the U.S. Strictly old *shapka*, it sounds more like Glinka in an off-moment than the dissonantly powerful Shostakovich of *Symphony No. 5*. The performance is rousing, the recording fair.

Verdi: Luisa Miller (Lucy Kelston, soprano; Giacomo Lauri-Volpi, tenor; Giacomo Vaghi, bass; Scipione Colombo, baritone; orchestra and chorus of Radio Italiana. Mario Rossi conducting; Cetra-Sofia, 6 sides LP). Verdi's 14th opera is seldom performed, mainly because *Rigoletto* (his 15th) and *Traviata*, which it vaguely resembles musically and dramatically, are both better. Brooklyn-born Soprano Kelston has power and pathos in her voice, though it is steely on top. One surprise is that old Tenor Lauri-Volpi, 57, who sang in the Met premiere of *Luisa* in 1929, is as good as he is. Performance and recording: good.

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SCIENCE

Supersonic Yaw

The designer and the pilot of the world's fastest airplane, the rocket-pushed Douglas Skyrocket, loosened up a little last week and told a few new facts about how the plane behaves. High above the speed of sound, said Designer Ed Heinemann and Pilot Bill Bridgeman, there is a new peril of the sky: "supersonic yaw."

As designers and test pilots pushed their planes up toward the speed of sound, the danger they feared most was the beating they took in the "transsonic zone." When an airplane is moving close to sonic speed, shock waves (powerful sound waves) form on its wings and control surfaces. They come and go, shift irregularly and sometimes exert enormous forces on the plane's structure. Many early airplanes that trespassed too far into the transsonic range were destroyed by galloping shock waves.

The remedy is now understood: thinner wings and tail surfaces, and a quick passage through the danger zone. Above the transsonic, the designers hoped, the air would be easier to cope with. Shock waves would still form, but they would act predictably, like the bow waves of a ship. When the Bell X-1 flew faster than sound in 1947, much was written about the smoothness and peacefulness of supersonic flight.

Little Queen. In reality, supersonic flights proved anything but peaceful. Both the X-1 and the Skyrocket, says Heinemann, met the strange and terrible phenomenon of supersonic yaw.

A rocket flight in the Skyrocket, says Pilot Bridgeman, starts out peacefully enough. When the plane is dropped from its mother B-29 at 35,000 ft., there is a gentle sensation like going down in an elevator. When Bill "kicks on" his rocket motors, he feels a great push of acceleration but no sensation of speed. Below the speed of sound, the Skyrocket "flies like a little queen," responds sensitively to his slightest touch.

He turns the nose upward for a steep climb. This keeps the speed below Mach 1, and takes him up toward the thin upper atmosphere where really high speed is possible. Bill finally reaches a point where the air is so thin that it can no longer support the Skyrocket below the speed of sound. Then he "bends over," flies at a flatter climb, and lets the speed build up.

Swooping Plunge. In the thin, high air (probably close to 80,000 ft.), there is not much kickback in passing the speed of sound. The Skyrocket was designed to minimize transonic buffeting, and the rockets push it quickly to high supersonic speed.

One day, when Bill really let her out, he felt a slight yawing (turning from side to side). "Then I was in for it. Suddenly the yawing began to get violent. If I had thought it would get as bad as it did, I would have cut the power. But things happened too fast, and I was too late."

With a dreadful swooping, plunging mo-

tion the plane swung all over the sky. Its oscillations were so quick that Bridgeman's trained reactions could not keep up with them. If he tried to correct one of the violent swings, he might act a trifle too late and make the next one worse. While the ship zigzagged out of control almost 15 miles above the earth, Bill timed himself to catch every third or fourth oscillation. "It didn't take muscle, he says, 'it took concentration. I never concentrated so hard in my life.'"

The coasting Skyrocket slowed at last and its yawing died out. The plane did not come apart. "I was scared as hell," says Bill, "but not until I got back on the ground."

The reason for this frightening behavior, explains Designer Heinemann, is that



SKYROCKET PILOT BRIDGEMAN
Above Mach 1, he was in for it.

the Skyrocket's controls were designed for somewhat slower flight in somewhat thicker air. The rudder, elevators and ailerons are comparatively small and are mounted on the trailing edges of the wings and tail surfaces. They do not get enough grip on the air to damp out the yawing motion. One reason (much oversimplified) is that the disturbance they make in the air passing over them cannot have any effect on the air's behavior upstream. No disturbance in the air can propagate itself above the speed of sound.

Black Box. The Skyrocket can be equipped with a black-boxed gyroscopic "yaw damper" that can detect an incipient yaw much faster than the pilot can and correct it through an automatic pilot. But neither Heinemann nor Bill Bridgeman likes this "black box" approach. Heinemann believes that supersonic airplanes will have to be radically redesigned. One possibility is to make whole tail surfaces, or even whole wings, movable. Only by getting a firm grip on the thin fast-moving air, he believes, can a plane avoid the wild oscillations of supersonic yaw.

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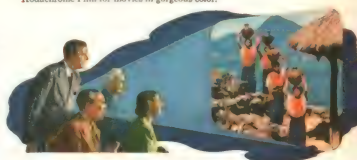


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THE THEATER

Mr. Dickens

In his later years Charles Dickens was almost as famous a reader as he was a writer. What he read were his own works, aloud, before huge, rapturous, often hysterical audiences in England, Scotland, Ireland, the U.S. These strenuous performances filled his pockets, ministered to his stage-struck ego and almost certainly shortened his life. His friends, indeed, opposed his 1867 U.S. tour, which proved as taxing as it was triumphant.

Last year Playwright-Actor Emlyn Williams (*Night Must Fall*) Williams, a rabid Dickensian, got the idea, not just of repeating the Dickens readings, but of impersonating the author—clothes, whiskers and all. A hit in London, Williams—like



EMLYN WILLIAMS

Novelty, nostalgia and one bull's-eye.

Dickens—began a U.S. tour in Boston, last week reached Manhattan. His success on Broadway was more than a stunt: it neatly blended novelty with nostalgia, proved Dickens to be a "dramatic" novelist, Williams to be a colorful Dickens in a studiously varied program.

Actually, the varied fare proved less a virtue than a vice. By Dickens standards, too much of Williams' material was close to mediocre. The brief annals of Paul Dombey exposed Dickens' mawkish side; a little-known ghost story, *The Signalman*, raised no goose pimples. Surprisingly, the one real non-humorous success was a dramatic pastiche from *A Tale of Two Cities*. Even much of the humor was second-best. Williams did score a bull's-eye with a minor yarn, *Mr. Chops*. If a showman as gifted as Emlyn Williams ever goes to work on the great comic figures in Dickens—Pecksniff, Micawber, Sairey Gamp, Mrs. Jellyby, the Wellers—he should achieve a truly topnotch show.

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Hardening Arteries

If, as doctors like to say, a man is as old as his arteries, King George VI was older than his years. Never robust, he spent uncounted hours standing stiffly at public ceremonies or walking before endless review lines. The strain of these activities was bad for a man with circulatory trouble. Because of his medical history, the King's death from a coronary thrombosis (a blood clot blocking the artery on which the heart's muscle depends) was no surprise to medical men.

The world first heard of the King's artery trouble in 1948, when he gave up public appearances because of pain in his right leg and foot. This was caused by a narrowing of the arteries: not enough blood was getting through, the foot was often extremely cold, and there was danger of gangrene. The King's doctors decided that their patient was a victim of *thromboangiitis obliterans*, also called Buerger's disease.* They found, too, that all the King's arteries were hardening beyond his years.

Cutting the Nerve. There was little they could do for the arteriosclerosis, but for the trouble in the right leg there was a palliative: cutting some of the sympathetic nerves (near the spine) which control the contraction of leg arteries. The nerve operation was helpful, and the King started to get around again as well as ever.

Then last summer, a canny Scottish doctor sent the King home from his holidays to be bronchoscoped, and a growth was found in one lung. On operation (TIME, Oct. 8) it proved to be a fast-spreading type of cancer. Despite the strain on the heart of such drastic surgery as removal of a lung, the King seemed to have made a good recovery.

Sober Choice. But the King and his doctors faced a sober question which only George VI himself could answer. Should he try to prolong his life to the utmost by taking scrupulous care never to tax his heart, and become a perpetual invalid? Or should he live, as much as possible, the life of a normal man of 56? In the background, too, there was the inevitable question of a reappearance of cancer.

King George chose to live as normally as possible. On the last day of his life he was out shooting hares. Although the King used special shells to reduce recoil, his weakened frame still had to take the repeated kick of a shotgun. There is no reason to believe that this hastened his death. During the night, as might have happened any other night in recent years, the blood slowed down in one of the King's hardened (and narrowed) coronary arteries. As it slowed, it thickened. Finally, it formed a large clot, and the King's life was at an end. There was not enough pain to wake him.

* After Leo Buerger, a Vienna-born surgeon, who practiced in Manhattan and who described the disease in 1908.

Pyromen v. Paralysis

When Shirley Ann Schopp came down with polio last year, her father & mother worried, like every father & mother in the same plight, about the lasting paralysis that might follow. For months, it seemed that their worst fears were confirmed: three-year-old Shirley was almost completely paralyzed. But Shirley's father is Dr. Alvin C. Schopp, an orthopedist at St. Louis University and St. Anthony's Hospital. He had been searching for years for something that would help to give back vitality to nerves damaged by the



Floyd Bowser

SHIRLEY ANN SCHOPP
Father kept his fingers crossed.

polio virus. A new drug, Pyromen, had just come in for testing.

Dr. Schopp talked things over with his wife, and they decided that Pyromen should be tried first on Shirley. "I was scared," Dr. Schopp says now. "But I knew the antidotes in case we needed them. We tried the drug cautiously, but in two weeks we could see improvement. We stopped the dosage for a while, then tried smaller doses and heavier doses. We were groping in the dark. But she has steadily improved. Shirley could barely move her arms before, now she runs around raising hell. She has only one slight muscle weakness in her left leg, and that's improving."

Minor Crisis. As soon as Shirley began to get better, Dr. Schopp and two colleagues began using Pyromen on alternate polio patients admitted to St. Anthony's in the acute stage. The doctors soon found that the drug seemed to produce a minor crisis of its own: usually, a rise in temperature, often accompanied by muscle pains or cramps. None of these effects was

lasting; in fact, the drug reaction seemed to be essential to successful treatment. If patients did not react to small doses, they had to have bigger doses. Then, nearly always within three days, they started to get better far more quickly than others, similarly ill, who got no Pyromen.

Patients admitted with such severely weakened muscles that they could not turn their heads or sit up soon began to move about and sit up in bed. Just as striking, the doctors report, was the change in the patients' disposition. Many, including babies, who had been irritable and ornery and unwilling to eat, promptly cheered up, became alert and cooperative, and enjoyed their food.

Made by Bacteria. So far, Dr. Schopp and his colleagues report, they have treated 53 patients with Pyromen and compared them with 51 who did not get the drug. It is clear that Pyromen is no cure for polio. Among victims of bulbar polio treated with Pyromen, there were as many deaths (seven) as there were among the others. Also, polio is so unpredictable a disease that doctors may easily be fooled, and credit a drug for a patient's natural improvement. But, says Dr. Schopp, this admittedly sketchy study indicates that Pyromen helps virus-ravaged nerves to rebuild themselves so that they can again assert control over the muscles.

Pyromen is a complex, sugarlike chemical manufactured by bacteria related to the organism which makes blue pus in wounds. Neither Dr. Schopp nor anybody else has any idea yet as to how it works on damaged nerves, if it really does. A versatile substance, it is being tried in the treatment of allergy. And doctors are keeping their fingers crossed while Pyromen is tested on other kinds of paralysis and (at the Mayo Clinic) on multiple sclerosis.

Death from the Machine

After 2½ hours of tense work in the operating room of St. Francis Hospital in Evanston, Ill., Surgeon Edson F. Fowler was just beginning to relax. He had removed part of the stomach of the Rev. James Cummings, 35, a Chicago priest, because of intractable ulcers. Everything had gone smoothly. But as Dr. Fowler was putting the last stitches in the patient's abdomen, there came a bang like that of a bursting tire, and a puff of smoke spewed out of the anesthesia machine. The explosion ripped open the anesthesia bag, and blew out the glass covers on the machine's flutter valves.

Dr. Fowler quickly examined his patient. Part of the hot blast had traveled along the anesthesia tube; bright red blood from broken vessels in the lungs was filling Patient Cummings' windpipe. The blood was drained off, and a mask was fitted to give artificial respiration. But little more than two hours later, Father Cummings was dead, the victim of the kind of accident every hospital dreads. Explosions of anesthetic gases (in this case, a mixture of nitrous oxide, ether and cyclopropane) happen about once in 75,000 operations, and are almost certain to cause

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serious injury to the patient, if not death.

As Father Cummings lay dying, the U.S. Bureau of Mines, by a coincidence, issued a set of recommendations to reduce the hazard. Wool blankets, plastic sheets and most synthetic fabrics should not be allowed near an anesthesia machine, the bureau said, because of the danger that they will generate static electricity and cause a spark. Cotton should be used instead. Doctors and nurses must not wear wool trousers, nylon gowns, or rubber-soled shoes. Tables, machines and stools should have non-insulating feet, to conduct static electricity to the floor.

Almost all of the bureau's requirements had been met in St. Francis' well-run operating room. The main exception was that the anesthesia machine itself had not been grounded, and on this, some experts violently disagree with the bureau: grounding the machine, they say, may make it behave like a lightning rod. There was nothing to suggest that the Evanston accident had been caused by a spark outside the machine. The explosion had been inside it, and the best evidence was that the spark originated there, too—probably in a valve.

Limited Wonder

When Rutgers University's Microbiologist Selman Waksman first described neomycin, an antibiotic produced by soil microbes (*TIME*, April 4, 1949), it gave promise of being another wonder drug. Then came the blow: when injected over long periods, e.g., in the treatment of tuberculosis, neomycin damaged the kidneys, sometimes caused lasting deafness. Many researchers gave up on it.

Last week U.S. doctors read in the *A.M.A. Journal* that neomycin fills one niche most capably: it is just about the best drug so far discovered for treating an infinite variety of skin infections. Three doctors in Cincinnati and five in Galveston used neomycin ointment or compresses on 936 cases ranging from fever blisters, barber's itch and aggravated acne to eczema, impetigo, sties, and inflammation of the outer ear. In three-fourths of their cases the results were good to excellent. Just as important, few of the patients had bad reactions to the antibiotic itself.

The Cincinnati doctors reported an incidental discovery: they gave intramuscular injections to 23 patients suffering from various skin infections, and (while one got worse) none showed any signs of deafness or kidney damage. Their conclusion: neomycin may be safe, even in injections, provided it is not given for more than seven days. Meanwhile, another group of doctors tried neomycin combined with bacitracin on babies. They found that the combination cures infant diarrhea in half the time it takes other drugs.

Neomycin, it turns out, is not one substance but three. One is neither helpful nor harmful; both the others seem to have about the same medical value and must be used with equal care. So used, they go far toward justifying Waksman's high early hopes.

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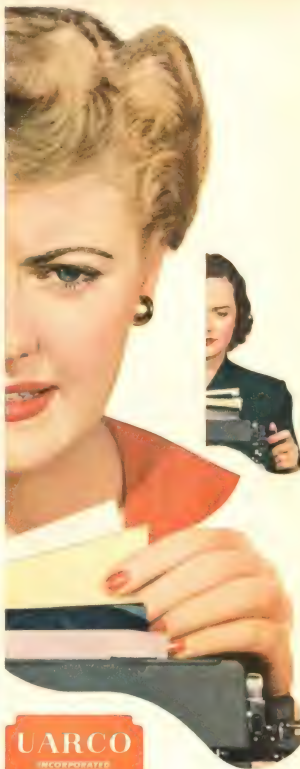
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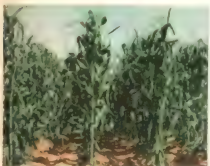
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EDUCATION

The Board

At first glance, the members of the Los Angeles school board seemed to be eminently respectable citizens. Then the city began to take a closer look. Last week, after a year of public investigation, Los Angeles clearly saw as sordid a scandal as has ever come out of a big city's schools.

The tale began 13 months ago, when a county grand jury convened to investigate charges that the examinations given to school-system telephone operators were "rigged" to discriminate against Negroes and Jews. In the course of the hearings, a crusading school principal named Mrs. Ione Swan asked to testify. Mrs. Swan was not immediately concerned about the discrimination issue. She had, she said, far more serious matters on her mind.

Death & Maggots. One of Mrs. Swan's concerns was the hard black-topping that the board had used to cover school playgrounds. Children had fallen on it, and one had died as a result. To Mrs. Swan, the board seemed guilty of manslaughter—and that was not all. It was also guilty of running filthy cafeterias—specifically, of buying all-but-rotten meat. Furthermore, said Mrs. Swan, some members of the board were getting a cut out of certain school-system contracts.

The jury pricked up its ears at Mrs. Swan's charges. School butchers filed affidavits that the food center handled "starting-to-spoil" meat, that hamburgers were watered and sugared to disguise the taste, and that the meat was delivered to the schools in containers coated with maggots. After Mrs. Swan's appearance, the board hastily reformed the food center. But, was there still some monkey business about the contracts?

One fat contract the board had made was with the Landier Management Co. The company furnished 95% of the bus transportation for the schools, and in five years its gross revenue had jumped from \$235,000 to more than \$1,500,000. The thing about the company that bothered the jury was that one school board member, Roy J. Becker, and the husband of another board member, Mrs. Gertrude Rounsaville, had been handling its insurance and had made themselves a tidy profit of about \$8,000. Strictly speaking, their transactions were legal, but the grand jury accused Becker of misconduct and a superior court found him guilty. Becker was dismissed from office; Mrs. Rounsaville was defeated for re-election. Heads Nos. 1 & 2 had rolled.

Suits & Charges. But the board was still not out of trouble. After taking care of Insuranceman Becker, the jury accused Board Member J. Paul Elliott of misconduct for taking \$4,400 in legal fees from the Landier interests. In the meantime, the parents of the child who was killed on a black-topped playground brought suit against the board for \$50,000. The parents of another child later killed the same way sued for \$351,000. Finally, the

grand jury made up its mind about the question of the telephone operators, declared that the board had "condoned" discrimination against "colored, Jewish, Oriental applicants, and applicants of middle age."

As if that were not enough, the board's president, Mrs. Eleanor Allen, suddenly ran into some personal difficulties when she testified in federal court that a mysterious radiotherapy gadget, invented by a Hollywood chiropractor, could cure her of any illness, even though she was a thousand miles away. As a result of the unfavorable publicity, Mrs. Allen resigned from the board.

Darby Day. Mrs. Allen's was Head No. 3, but hers was not the last. The next target was ex-Schoolteacher Olin E. Darby, who had also been profiting from school contracts. As chairman of the board's purchasing and distribution committee, he was able to swing a \$68,000 school contract to the Jack & Jill Ice Cream Co., which occupied a store he happened to own. And as a reward for his efforts, he was thus able to charge Jack & Jill an exorbitant rent. Last week a superior court jury convicted Darby of a felony for having a "prohibitive interest" in the contract—a clear violation of the state law governing the conduct of public officials.

With Darby Day gone by, Los Angeles was ready to add up the score its board had made. Out of seven members, only two had escaped unscathed, but one of these had been defeated for re-election and another had stepped up to the City Council. Last week, of all the original members, only two remained—Elliott, still awaiting trial, and Darby, still awaiting sentence.

What's Natural in Cairo

For 75 years, Illinois has had a law against segregation in public schools, but the city of Cairo (rhymes with faro) has never paid much attention. Cairo (pop. 12,400) happens to sit well below the Mason-Dixon line at the point where the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers meet. To all intents and purposes, it is a Southern town, and its 4,000 Negroes and 8,000 whites live out their carefully segregated lives accordingly.

Negroes do not go to the Gem Theater, where the first-run films are shown. They do not eat in the white restaurants, or use the public library; and while the whites swim in the WPA-built pool, the colored folks, as the townspeople say, must "drown in the river." The schools have been separate as long as anyone can remember. Says Mrs. John C. Fisher, owner of the Cairo Citizen: "We've just never thought that this wasn't natural."

Elementary Answer. By last week, Cairo's dream of the segregated life had been rudely shattered. For the first time in years, fiery crosses burned, and the magnolia-lined streets echoed with shots and explosions. The reason: two field workers from the midwest regional office of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People had moved into town to end segregation in the schools once & for all. They had persuaded dozens of Negro parents to apply to have their children transferred to schools used by the whites.

School Superintendent Leo C. Schultz saw no alternative but to send the applications through for "processing." Other citizens, however, had a more elementary answer. As darkness fell one night, a band of men planted a ten-foot cross on top of the Mississippi levee near a Negro housing project. They planted another on the Ohio



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When you buy fluorescent fixtures that display the G-E Watch Dog® tag, you eliminate blink before it begins. At the first sign of flicker, Watch Dog's red reset button pops out, and the lamp is out of the circuit.

Your maintenance man replaces the lamp on a routine check, presses the red button, and the Watch Dog Starter is ready to operate again.

BUY FIXTURES THAT DISPLAY THE WATCH DOG TAG. Look for it when you buy. Section Q8-280, Construction Materials Division, General Electric Company, Bridgeport 2, Connecticut.

*Registered Trademark of General Electric Company

You can put your confidence in—
GENERAL ELECTRIC

Feed your dog like this Dash-fed champion!



Champion Lynwood Angus, who joined the ranks of Scottish Terrier champions with his winning at dog shows, poses with handler John P. Murphy. Your dog, too, deserves Dash—to look and feel his best!

Dash

is fortified
with **LIVER!**



levee, and still another on the outskirts of town.

The next night there was more hoodluggism. One band of hoodlums appeared on the lawn of a two-family Negro house, planted another cross and set it ablaze. Then they moved on to the home of Negro Dentist James C. Wallace Jr. and blasted away at his house with a shotgun. The next night, a bullet zinged through a window of Dentist W. A. Fingal's house. About the same time, a dynamite bomb exploded in Negro Physician Urbane F. Bass's backyard. Another bomb was tossed in front of the tire shop belonging to Vice President Henry Dyson of the local chapter of the N.A.A.C.P.

Conspiracy? Police, who insisted they knew who might be guilty, succeeded in rounding up only four young men suspected of being involved. But their performance of duty did not stop there. Last week they arrested eight N.A.A.C.P. members, charged them with "conspiracy to do illegal acts" and with "forcing [children] by threats and inducements to enter school." They also arrested two Negro mothers who wanted their children transferred to white schools. This, said the police, was "unlawfully causing and permitting children to be placed in such a situation that their lives and health were endangered."

Apparently, things were almost back to "natural" again in Cairo. One by one, Negro parents had withdrawn their application for transfers. At week's end, only 13 frightened Negro children were in Cairo's six white schools.

Report Card

¶ In the most flamboyant bit of horseplay since the first Harvardman swallowed a live goldfish in the thirties, two Harvard sophomores sat themselves down tête-à-tête one morning last week and began slapping each other in the face. Their purpose: to collect \$128 in bets by emulating the 150-year-old example of two Russian yogis who had slapped away for 72 hours straight. Harvard's record, established last week: one slap every ten seconds for 48 hours, or 17,280 slaps in all.

¶ After a careful survey of "rewards and punishments" in all publicly supported British schools, the National Foundation for Educational Research reported: of a sample 724 teachers questioned, 89.2% favored corporal punishment "as a last resort," 77.8% were for it "used with discretion," and 68.3% said that discretion should be left to the teachers.

¶ Course of the week (for senior cadets majoring in civil engineering at V.M.I.): "Personal Relations." Its coverage: everything from a "Religion to Live By," with lectures by three clergymen (a Presbyterian, an Episcopalian and a Roman Catholic), to "A Wife as a Partner," with lectures by three wives.

¶ Graduate of the week: Oscar L. Thompson, 45, a former longshoreman, hospital orderly, drug clerk, waiter and pantryman, who last week got his M.A. in zoology—the first Negro ever to get a degree from the University of Texas.

How your children can earn better grades in school—with help from Honeywell Controls!



Your child's mind is a wonderfully exciting thing—curious, quick, capable of almost unlimited development.

But your child's mind is a delicate thing, too—likely to be less and less ready to learn if classroom conditions aren't designed to encourage learning.

That's why Honeywell has worked for many years with leading educational authorities and universities, studying classroom environment.

And that's why educators are showing a growing interest in the new principle of the "coordinated classroom"—a schoolroom where seating, lighting, noise level, heating and ventilating are properly regulated for better learning.

The great potential inherent in this

idea was shown by recent tests where students of all I. Q. levels in "coordinated classrooms" made greatly improved progress. The result was better grades for all!

Helping your children earn better grades in school is just one way Honeywell helps America live better, work better. You'll also find Honeywell controls in hundreds of industries. In thousands of planes, trains and buses. In millions of homes and commercial buildings where the familiar thermostat on the wall helps guard America's health and comfort.

This is the age of Automatic Control. And Honeywell has been the leader in controls for more than 60 years.



America lives better—works better—with Honeywell Controls

MINNEAPOLIS Honeywell

For information about automatic controls for heating, ventilating and air conditioning: for trains, planes, buses, ships; for industrial processing—write Honeywell, Dept. C., Minneapolis 8, Minnesota. In Canada: Toronto 17, Ont.



First in Controls

ART

Trojan Enterprise

TOO BUSY TO PAINT? CALL ON THE GHOST ARTISTS. WE PAINT IT—YOU SIGN IT, read an advertisement in the *Washington Post* last week. Explaining further, the ad said that Ghost Artists were well qualified to turn out work in almost any manner: primitive ("Grandma Moses type"), impressionist, modern, cubist and abstract.

Washington newsmen descended on Ghost Artists and at its headquarters in residential Georgetown, found a prosperous-looking man named Hugh Troy, 44, who described himself as an illustrator of children's books. His little outfit, said Troy, had been operating for a couple of years (without advertising). Among its satisfied clients, he said, without naming any, have been military men, Government officials, doctors, businessmen and art students, as well as a Wall Street broker who commissioned an entire exhibition in order to break into "arty circles." Obviously, said Troy, he could not reveal the names of his staff artists, but he identified them as three painters, a sculptor and a *Saturday Evening Post* cover artist who enjoys doing abstractions in his off hours. "I know what we're doing is wrong," said Troy, putting on a repentant look. "Absolutely immoral. . . . Once they start coming to us, they can never stop."

The *Washington Post* decided that Ghost Artists deserved an editorial. Having recently written a tongue-in-cheek piece "in defense of the ancient and much maligned trade of ghostwriting," the *Post* concluded that, "after some reflection, we can't see anything morally amiss about this proposal. . . ."

Hugh Troy's old friends found his latest enterprise fascinating. They remembered instances of other fascinating Trojan enterprises. In 1927, when he was living in Manhattan, Jokerster Troy bought himself a park bench that was an exact duplicate of the kind used by the city. Then he had some merry hours hauling it in & out of

Central Park—happily waving his bill of sale after police hauled him off to the station. Later, Troy and a few good friends equipped themselves with work clothes, picks, shovels and roadblocks, spent an industrious evening digging a ten-foot hole in a midtown Manhattan street without being caught. Another time he attached an artificial hand to his sleeve, took a trip through the Holland Tunnel. After fastening his toll ticket between the plaster fingers, he whizzed by the collection station, left both ticket and hand in the grasp of a horrified attendant. In addition, he has diverted himself by planting fake pearls in oysters, coaching South Sea Island native youngsters in fantastic Troy-devised folk tales to be retold to gullible anthropologists.

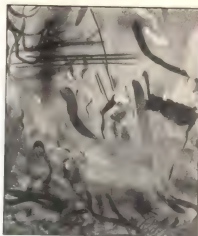
Troy's latest jape may not be up to some of his old ones, but he finds that it has helped to relieve the monotony of life in the capital.

Mere Misery

The white-haired boy of the Paris art world is Bernard Buffet, a dour, 23-year-old recluse. His paintings are miserable in mood, dingy in color, austere in composition and lifeless in essence. Yet he sells almost everything he does, for fat prices—and rake-thin Artist Buffet paints upwards of 100 canvases a year.

Last week a Paris gallery proudly displayed three mural-sized Buffets representing the *Flagellation*, *Crucifixion* and *Resurrection* of Christ. Each was spare as an Egyptian frieze, ominous as a nightmare. Haggard men in black swimming trunks and bony women in black dresses posed stiffly and grimly against dirty white skies. The resurrected Christ hung desperate above his tomb, his winding sheet flapping from his sides like bat wings. "I defy any man," wrote one enthusiastic critic, "not to feel moved almost to sickness before these works."

Buffet's ability to nearly nauseate has earned him a sport car, a manservant and



Charlie Warner—*The Vancouver Sun*
LEALESS "MELANCHOLIA"
A taste for accidents.

a country place in Provence. Despite the subject matter of his new show, Buffet is not particularly inclined to religion. He is, according to his dealer, "an indifferent—far from being a mystic or a monk." The point of Buffet's art seems to be merely that man is miserable.

Out of the Wastebasket

Melancholia in a *Swamp* looked little different from dozens of other muzzy abstractions. When Sidney Key, the curator of the Toronto Art Gallery, received it in the mail last month, along with a request for some "constructive criticism," he drafted a tactful reply, "You are considerably interested," he wrote Robert Lealess of Vancouver, "in a variety of effects that can be arrived at through experimental use of your materials, and you seem to be aware of the accidental effects that can result from lines, calligraphy, blots and the use of a spray gun."

In Vancouver, 17-year-old Robert Lealess read Curator Key's comments with glee. He handed the picture and the curator's letter to the local press, explaining that *Melancholia* in a *Swamp* was nothing but a piece of cardboard that had been used by commercial artists for wiping their brushes and testing their spray guns. All Lealess did was pick it out of the wastebasket, mount it and give it a title.

Last week, thanks to wide newspaper and radio coverage, *Melancholia* was the best-known abstraction in Canada. Lealess accepted two U.S. television bids, including an offer to appear with his masterpiece on *We, the People*. He could also boast a blurb for his painting from an expert who knew what it was. Said Jerry Morris, curator of the Vancouver Art Gallery: "This accidental doodle can be regarded as a work of art worthy of serious criticism on two levels. The artists cleaning their brushes may either consciously or unconsciously contribute to this form and selection by the placing of their brush strokes. The man who recognized the quality of the picture in rescuing it from the wastebasket was to a certain extent functioning as an artist."



BUFFET'S "CRUCIFIXION"
A sense of sickness.

Galerie Drouant—David



MRS. THEODORE ROOSEVELT



TALLULAH BANKHEAD

SOCIAL SITTERS

These ladies are four of 20 sitters whose pictures graced Manhattan's Portraits, Inc. gallery last week. Assembled for a charity show, the paintings skim the cream off three generations of society in the U.S.

Theobald Chartran's portrait of Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt made a *Ladies' Home Journal* cover in the dignified 1900s.

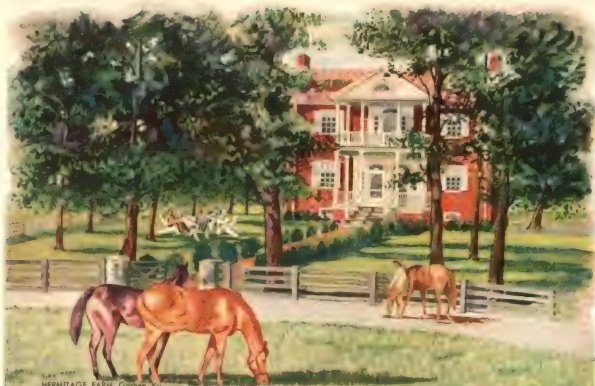
Augustus John's rosy view of Actress Tallulah Bankhead was painted in 1933. Eugene Speicher's stiff but glowing *Mrs. Ogden Phipps* and Bernard Boutet de Monvel's cold but knowing *Mrs. Payne Whitney* are mirror-slick samples of the society portraitist's specialized craft, which requires more skill than inspiration, and is aimed more to please the subject than to prove the artist.



MRS. OGDEN PHIPPS



MRS. PAYNE WHITNEY



HERMITAGE FARM, Goshen, Ky.
Home of Mr. and Mrs. Warner Jones, Jr.

Your Key to Hospitality

Kentucky hosts of long ago pleasantly mingled gentle manners with friendly-tasting whiskey to establish a heritage of hospitality which has endured to this day. The same traditional bourbon which made Kentucky whiskeys famous is still produced in the authentic sour mash manner . . . is still yours to enjoy.

Call for OLD FITZGERALD today—call it by name.



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OLD FASHIONED...but still in style

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KENTUCKY STRAIGHT
BOURBON WHISKEY

RADIO & TELEVISION

Unaverage Situation

A little after dawn, somewhere along Los Angeles' Sepulveda Boulevard, Lucille Ball used to meet her husband, Desi Arnaz. He would be going home after a night of leading his orchestra at Ciro's. She would be headed for a day's work at her movie studio. "We would pull off the road and talk for a few minutes," Lucille recalls. Then she adds: "That's a dull way to live, brother!"

By giving up movies and nightclubs for their TV show, *I Love Lucy* (Mon, 9 p.m., CBS), Lucille and Desi now have all their weekends free, and work only four days a week—together. In brightening up their own lives, they have done quite a lot to make a cheerful half hour once a week for



BALL & ARNAZ IN "LUCY"
Better than a roadside rendezvous.

millions of viewers. The show, begun only last October, has rocketed up in the popularity ratings, is now fourth among Nielsen's top ten.

Much of the credit belongs to Lucille, a redheaded, uninhibited comedienne who takes pratfalls and pie-throwings in her stride, manages to add an extra wriggle or a rubber-faced doubletake to each funny line. Cuban-born Desi Arnaz gets enough masculine authority into his role to keep *Lucy* from degenerating into a Dagwood and Blondie farce. Three writers turn out scripts that bring flashes of grown-up humor to such standard subjects as amateur theatricals and wedding anniversaries. Says Lucille: "We try to be an average married couple getting into unaverage situations."

To make *I Love Lucy*, Lucille and Desi set up a family corporation called Desilu Productions. Leasing a Los Angeles sound stage from an independent studio, they knocked out a street wall, put up

a marquee labeled "Desilu Playhouse." When a show is ready for the cameras, a real audience files into the playhouse and the laughter is picked up on overhead microphones for use in the final print.

Sponsor Philip Morris pays \$30,000 a week for *I Love Lucy*, which gives Lucille and Desi a weekly income of \$5,000 to \$7,000. And Desilu is branching out to do TV commercials. "After all," observes Desi, "when we get too old or too fat to get in front of the cameras, we can always be producers."

Prognoses

Television bumped shoulders twice last week with the medical profession:

¶ In Syracuse, N.Y., doctors reported widespread "TV tummy" among moppet viewers. Early symptoms: closing of eyes at too-exciting moments and running out of the room "until the bad man isn't on the screen any more." Later symptoms: cramps and pains due to stomach spasms, often resulting in needless X-ray examinations for appendicitis.

¶ In Washington, D.C., CBS Newscaster Walter Cronkite telephoned his physician, Dr. John G. Ball, was told, before he had even said there was anything wrong, that he was suffering from tracheal bronchitis. Explained Dr. Ball: "I've been watching you on TV for several nights now, and was wondering how soon you'd call."

Pirouette

An Englishman named Harry Alan Towers, 30, whipped into Manhattan and out again last week on business that, in the past year, has carried him seven times around the world. His business: the international hawking of recorded radio shows. Towers sells British programs in the U.S., U.S. recordings in Australia, Australian programs in South Africa. "I doubt," he boasts, "that you can mention a radio station in the English-speaking world where we don't do business."

Towers himself produces about 35 shows in Britain (Feb. 7, 1947), and he owns the foreign rights to some 100 more. They range from such cultural items as Sir Thomas Beecham's classical disk-jockey show to a blood & thunder crime series starring Orson Welles. Of the London-made programs, only two—Welles's *The Black Museum* and *The Gracie Fields Show*—are heard on a U.S. network (Mutual), but many of the others have been sold to individual U.S. stations. In turn, Towers exports to Britain and the Commonwealth nations such American series as *The Hardy Family*.

Towers' London office is a six-room apartment ("For years I've had one foot firmly planted there and kind of pirouetted on the other all over the world"), and his chief assistant is his sprightly, grey-haired mother. Explains Towers: "When you work with someone in your own family—why, then you have implicit trust."

Surprisingly, Go-Getter Towers got his start writing radio scripts for the staid old

Here are

only

4

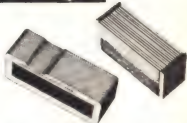
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why addressing machine users are switching to Elliott non-metallic Address Cards and silent Elliott Addressing Machines.

1 Elliott's soft Rubber Printing Roll makes all Elliott Addressing Machines silent.



and 2, enables them to print addresses on variable thicknesses.



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4 Elliott Addressing Machines deliver addressed forms face up.

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12 delicious cordials
5 fruit flavored brandies

MADE IN AMERICA

Creme de Menthe
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British Broadcasting Corp. Six years ago he formed his neatly named Towers of London, Ltd., and set off on his first world tour with an armful of recorded programs. With his shows now heard in every part of the Commonwealth, and with special programs broadcast in France, Germany, Italy, Belgium and The



Roy Stevens

SALESMAN TOWERS
Seven times around the world.

Netherlands, Towers is looking with interest at television. But he has no intention of neglecting his first love, says of the U.S.: "Over here, people are working so hard on television that they've forgotten radio. The market was never so good, just because it looks so bad."

Program Preview

For the week starting Friday, Feb. 15.
Times are E.S.T., subject to change.

RADIO

Metropolitan Opera (Sat. 2 p.m., ABC). *Carmen*, with Stevens, Tucker, Silveri, Conner.

Lux Radio Theater (Mon. 9 p.m., CBS). *Kim*, with Errol Flynn, Dean Stockwell.

Silver Radio Jubilee (Mon. 9:30 p.m., NBC). Celebrating the 25th anniversary of Cities Service Band of America concerts.

The Family Theater (Wed. 9:30 p.m., Mutual). Loretta Young in *Heritage of Home*.

TELEVISION

Playhouse of Stars (Fri. 9 p.m., CBS). Hemingway's *Fifty Grand*, with Dane Clark.

America's Town Meeting (Sun. 6:30 p.m., ABC). "Should the U.S. Support the British in Egypt?" Pro: Ex-Ambassador to Israel James G. McDonald. Con: Egypt's Kamel Selim Bey.

Celanese Theater (Wed. 10 p.m., ABC). *The Petrified Forest*, with David Niven, Kim Hunter.



Sky-hunter with a heart of steel

This guided missile—moving faster than sound—is one of America's new weapons of defense. Three different kinds of Armco Stainless Steel, each created for a special purpose, are used in its construction.

Today Armco Stainless Steels are helping America arm. But they are well known to you as gleaming, rustless products for your home—from bright, easy-to-clean cooking utensils and kitchen sinks to roof gutters and downspouts.

Stainless is only one of many Armco Special-Purpose Steels. Each Armco steel was developed to do a particular job—such as fighting heat or rust, or holding a long-lasting finish of glossy porcelain enamel.

When you see the famous Armco trademark on a product made of steel, remember this: The manufacturer has used a *special* kind of steel to give you greater satisfaction and more value for your money.

ARMCO STEEL CORPORATION

MIDDLETOWN, OHIO, WITH PLANTS AND SALES OFFICES FROM COAST TO COAST
THE ARMCO INTERNATIONAL CORPORATION, WORLD-WIDE



EVERYONE THOUGHT IT WAS DONE WITH PRINTER'S TYPE!



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STANDARD EQUIPMENT
omplete with roller bearing
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Suction Strainers.....
No. A-68A Straight9"
D-668A Right Angle.....
...P (7 1/2")

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**...IT WAS
ALL 'TYPED'...
ON THIS MACHINE**

\$8600³⁵ Saved!

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The VARI-TYPER has a standard keyboard and is operated by your office typist. It produces finished type-proofs, all ready for paste-up or direct reproduction on a litho plate or mimeo stencil. Both margins are automatically evened.

INSTANTLY CHANGEABLE TYPES

Change to any style and size you like—hundreds to choose from in all the popular designs—and in foreign languages, too.

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Newark 5, N. J.

Please send me Vari-Typer Booklet #A42

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Company.....

Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

RELIGION

The Saints Win

In 1906, at the height of French anticlericalism, Henri Barabant, mayor of Dijon, cheered on his party militants by renaming several of the city's thoroughfares. Rue Ste. Anne became the Rue Chevalier de la Barre (after a 19-year-old nobleman executed in 1766 for allegedly mutilating a crucifix). Place Saint Michel was renamed in honor of Edgar Quinet, 19th century historian. Place Saint Benigne became Place Blanqui, after Louis-August, the Socialist hero of 1870. Most tellingly anticlerical of all: Place Notre-Dame became Place Ernest Renan, in honor of the ex-seminarian whose rationalist books about religion (e.g., *Life of Jesus, St. Paul*) went promptly on the Roman Catholic index.

But times have changed. After World War II, Dijon voters elected as their mayor Magr. Felix Kir, canon of Dijon Cathedral. Through his first years in office, more pressing matters occupied the new mayor's attention. Fortnight ago, however, Canon Kir, 76, got around to Renan & Co. Seconded by his city council, he ordered the 1906 signs removed. This week, after the painters had finished, residents of Dijon (pop. 100,000) once more went to work down the Rue Ste. Anne, on Sundays walked to church through Place St. Benigne, Place St. Michel, or Place Notre-Dame.

Harvard Steps Out

Harvard College was built around a sturdy religious core. Its Puritan founders, "dreading to leave an illiterate ministry to the churches," dedicated their new school to supplying an intelligent one. The first endowed Harvard professorship (established in 1721) was a chair of divinity.

In 1816, when the Divinity School became a separate department of the university, it began with a faculty of President John T. Kirkland and four professors.

After 136 years, the Harvard Divinity School now has only three full-time professors, including its dean, 79-year-old Willard Sperry, who is also Harvard's "chaplain." Its ten other faculty members are borrowed from other schools of the university or are part-time lecturers. The 100-man student body is far below the enrollment of such theological schools as Yale's and Chicago's. The school's paltry \$1,000,000 endowment makes it a university stepchild. The last big drive for more money was made by President Charles W. Eliot in 1879.

Prim Reputation. Why has Harvard's Divinity School lagged behind? Part of the answer is that, although avowedly nondenominational, it has long been known chiefly as a training ground for Unitarian clergy. This gave Harvardmen of other denominations little incentive for supporting the school. Another reason is sheer neglect. While Harvard graduates talked proudly of their law school, or their undergraduate philosophy courses, the Divinity School, its endowment steadily falling behind, was of interest only to a small group of alumni who admired its prim, scholarly reputation.

In 1946, after years of embarrassing deficits, President James B. Conant appointed a committee of educators and alumni to consider whether the sinking school could be salvaged. Two years later, the committeemen turned in their report. The recommendation: retain and strengthen the Divinity School. Harvard, the report argued, needed to become once more a "strong center of religious learning," capable of making its influence felt both



Fair Harvard, by Samuel Chamberlain (Hastings House)
HARVARD DIVINITY CAMPUS (ANDOVER HALL)
From a sturdy core, a new stronghold.

This is National Steel



**National's own mines supply essential coal
for its steel-making needs**

Coal is indispensable to steel production. In the form of coke, it is the blast-furnace fuel that produces the incandescent heat necessary to convert iron ore into pig iron—the basic ingredient of steel.

For every ton of steel produced, approximately 1½ tons of coal must be mined and made into coke. And it cannot be just ordinary coal. It must be of special types, free from harmful impurities and carefully blended for the exacting requirements of steelmaking.

National Steel is exceptionally well provided with coal. Extensive holdings in Pennsylvania, West Virginia, and Kentucky yield an abundant supply of high-grade metallurgical coal. National's mines are equipped with the most modern facilities for the preparation of coal for blast furnace use. Foresighted provision of raw materials for present and future steel-making is another mark of National's progressiveness . . . another reason why National Steel is one of America's leading producers of steel.

NATIONAL STEEL

GRANT BUILDING



CORPORATION

PITTSBURGH, PA.

SERVING AMERICA BY SERVING AMERICAN INDUSTRY

MAJOR DIVISIONS OF NATIONAL STEEL

NATIONAL MINES CORPORATION. Coal mines and properties in Pennsylvania, West Virginia and Kentucky. Supplies high grade metallurgical coal for National's tremendous needs.

GREAT LAKES STEEL CORPORATION, Detroit, Michigan. The only integrated steel mill in the Detroit area. Produces a wide range of carbon steel products. N-A-X Alloy Steels . . . is a major supplier of all types of steel for the automotive industry.

WEIRTON STEEL COMPANY. Mills at Weirton, West Virginia, and Steubenville, Ohio. World's largest independent manufacturer of tin plate. Producer of a wide range of other important steel products.

STRAN-STEEL DIVISION. Unit of Great Lakes Steel Corporation. Plants at Ecorse, Michigan, and Terre Haute, Indiana. Exclusive manufacturer of world-famous Quonset buildings and Stran-Steel reliable framing.

HANNA IRON ORE COMPANY, Cleveland, Ohio, produces ore from extensive holdings in Great Lakes region. National Steel is also participating in the development of new Labrador-Quebec iron ore fields.

THE HANNA FURNACE CORPORATION. Blast furnace division located in Buffalo, New York.

NATIONAL STEEL PRODUCTS COMPANY,
Hampton, Texas. Recently erected warehouse—
a Quonset building erected by the Structural
Division, covers 308,435 square feet. Provides
facilities for distribution of steel products
throughout Southwest.



SAVED FROM THIS WINGED KILLER...FOR 22¢

This little fellow has twice the chance of reaching manhood since the Republic of Ceylon put through a DDT program against malaria mosquitoes. Here's a truly hopeful note from a harried world. Malaria is the world's most prevalent disease and kills three million people yearly, although its eradication is amazingly inexpensive. The DDT treatment in Ceylon cost only 22 cents per capita, yet it halved the death rate from all diseases.

One company in the United States alone turns out in one year enough DDT, among other pesticides, to rid several nations of malaria. This is the Kolker Chemical Works, Inc., recently acquired by DIAMOND ALKALI.

The whole United States spent for a full year's supply of pesticides (weed killers, plant hormones, as well as insecticides) only \$250,000,000; about the cost of 33 hours of World War II. What a profitable war people could wage saving lives—if they would—and how relatively cheap!



Chemicals you live by ... **DIAMOND ALKALI COMPANY** CLEVELAND, OHIO

SODA ASH • CAUSTIC SODA • CHLORINE & DERIVATIVES • BICARBONATE OF SODA • SILICATES • CALCIUM COMPOUNDS • CHROME COMPOUNDS • ALKALI SPECIALTIES

in the U.S. ministry and throughout the university itself.

Religious Literacy. This week President Conant announced a long step in that direction: a campaign to raise \$5,000,000 from Harvard alumni and general subscription. With added grants from university funds, this amount would boost the Divinity School's endowment to a prosperous \$7,000,000. Given the money, Harvard Divinity plans to create a larger faculty, enroll more students, increase the number of courses (some of which can be used to backstop the weak program of undergraduate religious instruction).

To help pick additional faculty members (and a new dean to replace retiring Dean Sperry), the Harvard Corporation appointed a board of distinguished Protestant clergymen, including Reinhold Niebuhr of Union Theological Seminary, Methodist Bishop G. Bromley Oxnam, Episcopal Bishop Angus Dun and Presbyterian Henry Sloane Coffin. Harvard's hope: to make the school a stronghold of ecumenical Christian education among the clergy, a means for correcting what President Conant's committee called "religious illiteracy" among undergraduates.

To realize this hope, Harvardmen, as of this week, had already given \$500,000.

This week the Episcopal Diocese of Connecticut began its own drive to raise \$1,000,000 to fight the forces "which undermine the Christian way of life." Main object of the drive: building ten churches, new student headquarters at Yale and the University of Connecticut.

Controversial Methodist

Bishop Francis J. McConnell's first sermon, as he recalls it, "covered a vast range of lofty religious principles, well up in the air. After having risen so thoroughly to the heights, I decided that the next Sunday I would get down closer to earth and stay there, a resolution I have been trying to keep ever since."

In the 58 years since, Methodist McConnell has stayed close enough to earth to become the best-known preacher of the "social gospel" in U.S. Protestantism. In *By the Way* (Abingdon-Cokesbury; \$3.50), a chatty autobiography well furnished with preacher stories, the controversial patriarch of U.S. Methodists, now 80, takes a mellow backward look on his long struggle to give his religion a social conscience as well as a theological one.

Ringling Doorbells. Francis McConnell grew up in an old-fashioned Methodist parsonage. His father, like most Methodist pastors of his day, baptized many of his converts by immersion (at their request), kept his preaching topics strictly confined to the Gospels. The Scriptures were rigidly obeyed. When the circus came to town in Norwalk, Ohio, Francis had to see it without his parents. His father, although he loved the circus, "as a loyal Methodist, had to stand against the circus."

Young Francis thought out a different definition of a loyal Methodist. By the time he went to the seminary, he had decided that aggressive good works were

I MET NEW ENGLAND...

in a Two-Horse Town



Stopping for gas in a quiet village, I made the wrong remark. Said something to the attendant about a one-horse town.

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RHINELANDER, WISCONSIN

more important in a Christian than theological niceties. He found few to agree with him. "Preachers," he recalls, "were supposed to stick to religious topics . . . In that far-off day, a chief social doctrine about God was that the Lord helps those who help themselves . . ."

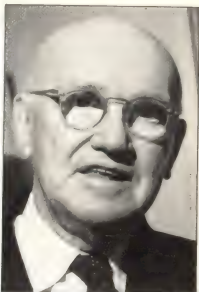
As a young pastor, McConnell put his own ideas into practice. When a wealthy lady willed \$2,500 to his church at West Chelmsford, Mass. for "religious purposes," he shocked the elders by proposing to turn over the money to the town for better street lights. The horrified elders voted him down. At Brooklyn's New York Avenue Methodist Church, his first important pastorate, the well-heeled parishioners wanted him to concentrate on pulpit oratory. McConnell made the point, and won it, that "ringing doorbells" in parish work was equally important.

Friends & Enemies. Gradually Pastor McConnell's vigorous church work got him the grudging admiration of the orthodox. At the Methodist General Conference in 1912, when he was only 40, he was made a bishop. "At present," he observes, "the bishops have quite a bit of ceremony for the new men. There was nothing of this kind in 1912. One of the bishops said, 'We are meeting in Room B. Come on in.' I went in." When he came out, the new bishop had been assigned to the Denver area (including Methodist missions in Mexico), where he traveled an average of 42,000 miles a year on church business.

As a bishop, McConnell had more scope to develop his idea of a social gospel, and his definition of "social" was of the widest. It included defending liberal professors threatened with expulsion by their colleagues, supporting trade unions, attacking "militarists" and "Fascists" where he thought he saw them.

Such forthrightness brought him good friends and bitter enemies. Methodist Bishop G. Bromley Oxnam, who took over the New York area from McConnell in 1944, called him "a voice that said freedom all down the line, an ecclesiastic who wasn't an official." More conservative Methodists were not so complimentary. Bishop McConnell recalls an anonymous letter he once got. It read: "You're a first-class skunk. Yours in Jesus' name."

The No. 1 Problem. From 1912 to 1944, Bishop McConnell was also president of the Methodist Federation for Social Service (later changed to Social "Action"), an unofficial church group organized, he says, to alert the church to "the more important social issues," without committing it to specific solutions. In 1919, nonetheless, President McConnell tried to solve the hottest social issue of the day—the Pittsburgh steel strike. He led an inter-church investigation which reported in favor of the strikers. In recent years, the Methodist Federation has been under attack for its indulgent attitude toward Communism (TIME, Sept. 17). McConnell rejects Communism ("You can't fit that system into Christianity"), but he has not seen fit to speak out against the party-lining of some federation officials. Writes the bishop unconcernedly: "I may-



Fred Stein

BISHOP McCONNELL
He horrified the elders.

self do not know a Methodist who is a Communist. The federation is almost always under fire for one thing or another."

Plenty of Methodists now think that their church is socially conscious enough, but not Bishop McConnell. He still likes to castigate "a type of Methodist who is always talking about the members the church will lose if it does not silence the radicals." The present "criticism of the church for its attitude on social questions," rather than questions of prayer or salvation, says McConnell, is the church's No. 1 problem.

Report

No less than 118 Roman Catholic prelates are either imprisoned or deprived in some other way from carrying out their duties in Communist countries. Along with their names and dioceses, the Vatican last week released what information it had about their fate. It was very little.

Fifty-six of the bishops and *monsignori* are in Eastern Europe. In Russia, Rumania, Albania and the Baltic countries (now part of the Soviet Union), the hierarchy has been virtually wiped out. In the other Iron Curtain countries, it has been badly crippled. Russian Bishop Boleslav Sloskans, imprisoned since 1927, is either dead or in Siberia. The Lithuanian bishop of Kaunas and the Estonian apostolic administrator have been sent to Siberia. One Hungarian bishop, the Vatican announced, "has probably died" in a concentration camp. In Yugoslavia, Titoist but still Communist, one bishop is in jail, two (including Archbishop Aloysius Stepinac) are under house arrest.

The remaining 59 prelates are in Communist China. Twenty-one bishops, mostly native Chinese, are known to be in prison there. None of the others is able to perform his duties. No one, at the Vatican or anywhere else outside China, has even a good idea where they are.



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The Pentathletes

Young Lieut. Patton, a dead-shot rifleman, banged away at the twisting target. He was outraged when the judges told him that he had scored one clean miss. Why just the day before, in a practice round, he had set an unofficial record of 98 out of 100. But Patton might well have been jittery about an upcoming ordeal. During the next four days, against the world's best athletes, he would have to 1) swim 300 meters, 2) fence from sunup to sundown, 3) ride a strange mount over 25 jumps on a rugged 5,000-meter course, 4) run 4,000 meters cross country. When it was all over, young Patton was an ach-

selves out at what is often called the "overall Olympic spirit."

Five-Ring Circus. The training routine has both the exhausting overtones of a six-day bike race and the bewildering versatility of a five-ring circus. The day starts with 6 a.m. reveille. At 8, the candidates for the team put in more than an hour of riding, sharing six retired Army remount horses borrowed from Fort Belvoir. At ten, the group heads for the pistol range where Sharpshooter Troy puts them through their paces. Using .22 caliber pistols—because they are easy to shoot and ammunition is cheap—the squad practices pumping bull's-eyes into a man-sized silhouette at 25 meters. The problem: learn-



CAPTAIN TROY (CENTER) COACHING TEAMMATES
General Patton never forgot an off day.

Anthony Linco

ing mass of muscle. But to the day he was fatally injured in an auto crash in Germany in 1945, General George Patton stoutly maintained that he had an off day of shooting in the 1912 Olympics.

As the first U.S. competitor in the Modern (military) Pentathlon*—and a fierce one at that—Patton needed no excuses for his fifth-place showing behind four Swedish army men. Since then, and particularly after Patton gave West Point a competitive pentathlon plaque, first awarded in 1935, Americans have done even better in the little-known sport. The U.S. won the team title in the 1936 Olympics, and in 1948 Major George B. Moore (who was killed in action in Korea) won an individual second place. Last week at West Point, 13 officers and enlisted men, captained and managed by Captain Guy Troy, were cheerfully knocking them-

ing to hit the mark in the three-second interval that the target faces the shooter.

At 11:30, the squad heads for the swimming pool for a series of windsprints or a 1,500-yard trial to build up endurance. After lunch, there is a welcome hour of rest. Fencing practice is a grueling two-hour workout—for in the Olympic pentathlon, usually with some 50 men competing, the fencers must all meet one another in tense touch-and-out matches. Troy tops off his squad's work day with about an hour of cross-country, the easiest of the five sports to teach and learn. ("You just have to get out there and run.")

True Test. Like most pentathletes, who need stamina and agility rather than strength and size, Captain Troy is wiry and medium sized (5 ft. 8½ in., 145 lbs.). And like most, he became interested almost by accident. A West Pointer ('46), Troy won his letter in lacrosse, but was no great shakes at any other sport. Duty in Munich, where the 1948 U.S. Olympic equestrian team was training, got him in-

terested in riding.* But since it takes about four years of grinding practice to turn out a topflight pentathlon man, Troy, now 29, did not enter his first competition until last winter's Pan-American games. He placed third, paced the U.S. to the team title.

Flying off to Rio (courtesy of MATS) last week for the Brazilian pentathlon championships, Troy was bubbling over with enthusiasm for what he believes is the quintessence of all sports: "If you're not good in any one sport, the pentathlon gives you a chance to make up for it." Troy is certain of one thing: "It's the true test of a man."

Basketball's Big Ten

The U.S. basketball fan, who found last year that he was being bilked by gangsters and crooked college boys, is a wide-eyed diard. The fans may suspect any one of their current heroes of being on a gambler's payroll, but they are pouring back into the big-city arenas and college gyms in unprecedented numbers. Attendance figures, according to a United Press survey, are up by more than 3%.

Last week U.S. basketball players, with an eye on next month's big tournaments, were fighting tooth and nail toward an even bigger goal: the U.S. Olympic final trials, to be held at Manhattan's Madison Square Garden, scene and source of a majority of the scandalous fixes. The top ten teams in the Associated Press poll:

Kentucky, No. 1, which last week crushed Georgia Tech, 93-42, for its 106th consecutive home-court victory. A perennial threat, Kentucky is sparked by the scoring of Pivotman (6 ft. 4 in.) Cliff Hagan (21 points a game), the all-court play of 6 ft. 3 in. Guard Frank Ramsey, and the playmaking of little (5 ft. 10 in.) Captain Bobby Watson. Average home attendance: 10,500.

Kansas State, No. 2, with an unbeaten (6-0) Big Seven Conference record, 14-3 overall. The graduation of four starting regulars put the Kansas State burden on unproven unknowns, currently headed by Center Dick Knotsman, who plays with contact lenses and has averaged 19.8 points a game in conference play. Home attendance: 11,300, up 18%.

Illinois, No. 3, last season's Big Ten champions, currently led by 6 ft. 9 in. Center Johnny Kerr (178 points) and Forward Irv Bemoras (177 points). The team is so well balanced that no Illinois player ranks among the Big Ten's top eight, yet five are in the top 30. Every Illinois home game is a fieldhouse (capacity: 6,500) sellout, and Illinois students are limited to three games a year.

St. Bonaventure,† No. 4, which last

* Which he could not get these days at West Point. With the horse cavalry defeated by armor, the military academy closed its riding hall in 1947.

† Last week, finding basketball more lucrative than football, St. Bonaventure became the 36th U.S. college to drop football since the close of the 1910 season.

* Not to be confused with the standard track & field pentathlon: broad jump, javelin throw, 1,500-meter run, discus throw, and 200-meter dash.



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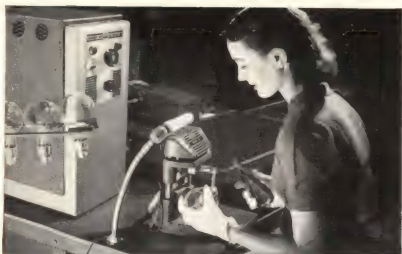
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week won its 16th straight, beating Cincinnati, 67-55. This week St. Bonaventure met **Duquesne**, No. 5 (14-0), in a game which involved the only two major unbeaten teams in the nation. The game was played in Pittsburgh's Duquesne Gardens (a privately owned arena not connected with the school) and was a 5,600 sellout. Duquesne had to turn back 25,000 ticket requests; St. Bonaventure claimed it could have sold 5,000 tickets around Olean, N.Y. (pop. 22,842).

Kansas, No. 6, which rides on the hulking shoulders of 6 ft. 9 in. Center Clyde Lovellette, the nation's scoring leader with a 26.2 average for 17 games, Kansas attendance: a standard near-capacity 3,000 for every game.

St. Louis, No. 7, undefeated (6-0) in the Missouri Valley Conference, and owner of a 16-4 record overall. Using its controlled fast break, St. Louis upset Kentucky, the nation's top offensive team, 61-60, in the Sugar Bowl tournament, then beat Oklahoma A. & M., the nation's top defensive team 48-40. Attendance is up 2% over St. Louis' alltime high.

Washington, No. 8, which earlier in the season bowled over three Big Ten teams in a row, currently boasts a 17-3 record. Washington, defending Pacific Coast Conference champion, should win easily again this year behind the hook-shot artistry of Bob Houbregs, 6 ft. 7 in. center who leads the P.C.C. in scoring with 17.3 points a game. Attendance: 10,000, up 33%.

Iowa, No. 9, which last week upset third-ranked Illinois, 73-68, to put both teams in a tie (5-1 apiece) in Big Ten competition, Iowa Center Chuck Darling (6 ft. 8 in.) paced the winners with 26 points. Iowa's fieldhouse (capacity: 15,500) is a sellout for every conference game.

St. John's, No. 10, which a fortnight ago left its Madison Square Garden home court (attendance same as last season: 11,000) for a midwest swing, where it upended Indiana, 65-55; and Purdue, 64-53. Top man for St. John's: Center Bob ("Zeke") Zawoluk, with 25 points a game.

Despite last season's scandals, basketball's future seemed assured. Kansas State Coach Jack Gardner, after a happy look at his team's whopping attendance figures, summed up the general optimism: "There's a lot of air in that ball. It'll bounce back."

Who Won

¶ **FBI** Man Fred Wilt, the Baxter mile, in a photo finish over Don Gehrmann; in Manhattan. For the first time in six races with Wilt this year, Gehrmann's characteristic kick sprint fell short. Time: 4:10.4.

¶ **The Dartmouth College** ski team, its 42nd annual Winter Carnival, over Defending Champion Denver University, 572.2-567.1; in Hanover, N.H.

¶ **Jockey Eddie Arcaro**, Santa Anita's San Felipe Stakes (on Windy City II) and the San Marcos Handicap (on Hill Prince); at Arcadia, Calif.

¶ **Welterweight Champion** Kid Gavilan of Cuba and Harlem, a split decision over Texas' Bobby Dykes, in Florida's first "mixed" fight; at Miami.



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The New Pictures

Cry, the Beloved Country (London Films; Lopert). Alan Paton's eloquent 1948 novel about South African race relations, after being translated into everything from Zulu to Broadwayese, now comes to the screen. The cinemadaptation was done by Author Paton* and the picture is largely faithful to the original.

Unhappily, the film betrays its literary origin by stressing emotion rather than motion. It is the tale of the Rev. Stephen Kumalo (Canada Lee), a simple Zulu minister who journeys from Ndotsheni, Natal to the great, bewildering city of Johannesburg to find his lost sister. There he discovers that she has become a prostitute in the squalid, segregated shantytown where the plight of black-skinned people in a white man's world is shockingly evident. The black voyager also finds that his only child, Absalom, has murdered a young white champion of the oppressed Negroes. The victim, by a further twist of fate (and fiction), is the son of the Negro-hating landowner (Charles Carson) in whose district the minister lives. In the end, the two fathers, symbolically drawn together by a common tragedy, point up Paton's comfort-in-desolation moral of hate cast out by love.

Zoltan Korda affectionately filmed the picture almost entirely in the real locales: Ixopo, Carisbrooke and Johannesburg. There are expansive shots of rolling green hills, played-out mining areas and savage slums. But the camera, with its realistic eye, can also confine and shackle. Though *Cry, the Beloved Country* has much of the novel's passion, it has lost some of the poetry. The lens brings into harsh focus the artifices which trick out the theme yet cast little light on the problems of the dark continent.

Actor Lee, required to be unrelentingly noble and agonized from start to finish, gives an impressive and often moving performance as the humble man of faith. In Lee's acting, the picture comes closest to reverberating with the novel's outcry against waste and inhumanity in the beloved country of sun and gold.

Phone Call from a Stranger (20th Century-Fox) is a cinematic party line on which several conversations are going at once, none of them coming across very distinctly. In Producer-Writer Nunnally Johnson's adaptation of an I.A.R. Wylie story, the stranger is an attorney (Gary Merrill) who is running out on his unfaithful wife. On a plane trip, he meets a brassy stripteaser (Shelley Winters) with a heart of gold and mother-in-law trouble, a moody medico (Michael Rennie) who is

* In Johannesburg last week Paton announced that current world conditions had left him feeling so "uncertain and politically frustrated" that he and his wife were going into seclusion for a year or more. His asylum: a Negro tuberculosis settlement some 75 miles from Durban where he will help with the manual labor.

morally sick over a past misdeed, and a loudmouthed traveling salesman (Keenan Wynn). When the plane crashes, the attorney is the only one of the quartet who survives. In the process of reconstructing the three casualties' lives, his own problems conveniently fall into place, too.

Though the plot is thick, the characterizations are thin, and the film as a whole is slack as well as slick. The cast provides some flashy play-acting, notably by Bette Davis as a bedridden paralytic.

Sailor Beware (Paramount) is the fifth rough & tumble film in three years to star the comedy team of Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis (rated the No. 2 box-office



MARTIN & LEWIS
In the aisles or in the dark.

attraction by U.S. exhibitors in 1951). Like the other four movies, it will lay Martin & Lewis fans in the aisles, leave other moviegoers mystified. Casually based on the 1933 Broadway hit of the same name, *Sailor Beware's* plot provides a sketchy continuity to Martin & Lewis' vaudeville turns. These range from the grisly (Lewis is repeatedly stabbed with a hypodermic needle in an effort to draw blood from his vegetable-like body) to the satiric (on a TV show, Lewis happily discovers that mention of any U.S. city—from Brooklyn to Sheboygan—wins thunderous applause from the studio audience).

As comedians, Martin & Lewis resemble a two-man Milton Berle. Like Berle, Dean Martin is brashly self-confident, always ready with the knowing leer. Like Berle, Jerry Lewis twists his arms and legs into grotesque positions; his voice alternates between a high, cretinous whine and a low, idiot mumble: he stares at the camera with crossed eyes and unbinged jaw and, for variety, pantomimes effeminacy.

Producer Hal Wallis, with the coopera-



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tion of the U.S. Navy, was able to use a Navy training center in San Diego and a submarine at sea as main sets for his funnymen. The film's resemblance to old-time burlesque is underlined by the presence of bosomy Corinne Calvet, and by Marion Marshall and a bevy of girls whose only duty seems to be to chase hysterically after Jerry Lewis.

Submarine Command (Paramount) is a flat distillation of most of the underwater plots that Hollywood has been siphoning into movie houses for decades. The script revolves around the dilemma of Executive Officer William Holden, who, on the last day of World War II, orders the U.S.S. *Tiger Shark* submerged while the wounded captain is still on the Jap-strafted conning tower.* Holden is assured by his superiors that he acted for the good of the craft and crew, but he is gnawed by guilt. So obsessed does he become with his conscience that his wife (Nancy Olson) leaves him and consoles herself with Lieut. Commander Don Taylor, a more cheerful type. But, before you can say "upscope," the *Tiger Shark* is de-mothballed for Korean action, and Holden proves himself a hero at rescuing enemy-held American prisoners. As a result, he wins back his wife as well as the respect of Chief Torpedoman William Bendix. The fade-out finds a new *Tiger Shark* being christened by Nancy, while Holden, their bouncing baby and Old Chief Bendix look on with beaming faces.

In its dramatic action scenes, *Submarine Command* is directed skillfully enough by John Farrow, but the landlocked portions of the picture occasionally reach nonsensical heights, despite the quietly commanding presence of Actor Holden.

CURRENT & CHOICE

Rashomon. An extraordinary Japanese film, Oriental in style and mood, yet universal in its insight into the frailty of the human animal (TIME, Jan. 7).

Decision Before Dawn. A German prisoner (Oskar Werner) sweats out a mission as a U.S. spy in Germany on the brink of defeat in World War II (TIME, Dec. 24).

Miracle in Milan. Italian Director Vittorio (The Bicycle Thief) De Sica's funny, exhilarating fantasy about a goodhearted youth in a wicked world (TIME, Dec. 17).

Quo Vadis. M-G-M's \$6,500,000 worth of spectacle in Nero's Rome; with 30,000 extras, Robert Taylor and Deborah Kerr (TIME, Nov. 19).

Detective Story. Director William Wyler's exciting version of the Sidney Kingsley stage hit, with Kirk Douglas and Eleanor Parker (TIME, Oct. 20).

The Lavender Hill Mob. Alec Guinness in a bright, British farce-comedy about a staid bank employee who satisfies the inner criminal yearnings of a lifetime (TIME, Oct. 15).

* A switch on the real-life story of Commander Howard W. Gilmore. Mortally wounded by Jap gunfire on the bridge of his submarine, Gilmore ordered his men to "Take her down!", rode to a hero's grave to save his craft.

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MILESTONES

Divorced. Joe Pasternak, 50, Hungarian-born movie producer (*Three Smart Girls*, *The Great Caruso*); by onetime Movie Starlet Dorothy Hallenbeck (Dorothy Darrell), 31, who charged extreme mental cruelty, e.g., he criticized her before her friends; after ten years of marriage, three children; in Burbank, Calif.

Died. Philip G. Epstein, 42, who, with his twin brother Julius, made up one of Hollywood's top scenarist teams, chiefly as adapters of plays (*The Man Who Came to Dinner*), novels (*Chicken Every Sunday*) and short stories (*My Foolish Heart*). Oscar winners in 1943 for their screenplay of *Casablanca*; of cancer: in Los Angeles.

Died. Wilbur ("Fats") Henry, 52, athletic director at Washington & Jefferson College. All-America tackle on its 1917-19 football teams, once called by Walter Camp "the greatest lineman of all time"; of diabetes; in Washington, Pa.

Died. King George VI, 56; of a coronary thrombosis; at Sandringham House, Norfolk (see FOREIGN NEWS).

Died. William Howard Taft II, 64, Manhattan banker, a nephew of the late President and a cousin of the Senator: in Manhattan.

Died. Henry Drysdale Dakin, 72, London-born research chemist whose specialization in military medicine led to his development (with Dr. Alexis Carrel) of Dakin's solution, a sodium hypochlorite wound antiseptic which saved hundreds of lives in World War I, won him the grateful thanks of France when he was made a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor: in Scarborough, N.Y.

Died. Norman Douglas, 83, who tried his deft hand at music, diplomacy, linguistics and science (zoology, geology, archeology) before he wrote, and sold in 1917 for a piddling £75, the novel *South Wind*, a perennially popular satiric classic that made him famous; of a stroke; in penury in a borrowed villa on the Isle of Capri. The son of a Scottish cotton-mill owner, Douglas first journeyed to Capri in 1888, on the trail of a rare species of blue lizard, fell in love with the island and made it his soul's operating base. In his middle 40s, he denounced Christian conventions as a sham, declared that Western civilization was inferior to Oriental culture, made a faint bow to convention by closing all letters to his son Robin with: "Brush your teeth twice a day!" He might have made a fortune from his annotated anthology, *Some Limericks*, but its obscenities would have made its open sale a criminal offense in Britain and the U.S. In describing a *South Wind* character, Douglas carved his own epitaph: "He knew too much, and had traveled too far, to be anything but a hopeless unbeliever."



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BUSINESS & FINANCE

AVIATION

Slowdown

The Air Force, which has cut back production schedules to meet a reduced budget, last week revealed what it will mean in plane output. Manufacturers had been scheduled to turn out 1,250 planes a month by the end of fiscal 1953. The new schedules, Air Force Under Secretary Roswell L. Gilpatric told a House Armed Services subcommittee, call for only 950 planes a month by 1954.

STATE OF BUSINESS

Mrs. Celinsky & the Saloon

In Manhattan last week, Jones & Laughlin Steel Corp.'s Chairman Ben Moreell stood up before a special Wage Stabilization Board panel which is trying to decide if 650,000 of the nation's steelworkers are entitled to another wage boost. Said Admiral Moreell (ret.): the union's demand for an 18½% raise plus fringe benefits which are estimated to bring the total raise up to 50¢ an hour would set off such a wave of rising prices that it would probably cost Jones & Laughlin \$95 million a year, \$10 million more than all of its 1951 earnings. Then C.I.O. President Philip Murray's sharp Scottish tongue cut in.

In mock alarm at the inflationary consequences of wage boosts, Murray pointed out that Jones & Laughlin Vice President Charles L. Austin, who was made President two weeks ago, recently was raised from \$55,000 to \$70,000. How did Moreell justify this raise under the circumstances? "Phil," cried Moreell, who is personally fond of Murray, "that is one of the best things I have done!" Snapped Murray: "If it's good for Mr. Austin, why isn't it good for Joe Doakes? . . . Now Admiral, do you think that Mrs. Celinsky, over on the South Side, gets any more groceries in her market basket as a result of Mr. Austin's wage increases?" Moreell stoutly insisted that all of his employees, including the husband of the hypothetical Mrs. Celinsky, had benefited from Austin's executive ability. "Mrs. Celinsky," he added, "will continue to profit as a result."

Does Anybody Win? Mrs. Celinsky's market basket was indeed the center of the long verbal war before the WSB's fact-finding panel. Was the basket, as Murray claimed, too scant for the growing output of her steelworker husband? Or would it, as Moreell and the industry argued, actually shrink—in spite of higher wages—because of higher prices that would result from them?

Over the weeks, Murray had argued the union's case. Not wages but "profiteering, speculation, hoarding" had driven up prices, he insisted. Wages rose only 7.6% nine months after Korea, said Murray, while the wholesale prices of semi-finished goods rose 26.3%. Since 1945, Big Steel's profits after taxes had risen 209%, while



JONES & LAUGHLIN'S MOREELL
Why not something for Joe Doakes?

wages rose 58%. Moreover, the industry, which has already raised its prices 80% in the same period, did not need another price boost to meet the wage demands. It could pay them from profits.

The union also wanted the union shop, eight paid holidays a year, paid vacations ranging up to four weeks after 15 years, and a guaranteed annual wage, i.e., 30 hours' work a week for 52 weeks for workers with three or more years of service. The 650,000 steelworkers were not demanding "a larger share of the economic pie," but only what they considered a fair



U.S. STEEL'S FAIRLESS & C.I.O.'S MURRAY
Why not swear off?

share. Where 47¢ of each \$1 of steel sales went for wages five years ago, labor's share is now but 39¢. Said Murray: "It has been whittled down crumb by crumb like the food at a third-rate boarding house."

The Economic Jag. President Ben Fairless of U.S. Steel, whose policies usually set the pace for the whole industry, had an earthy simile of his own to match Murray's boarding house. The U.S., said Fairless, has "been acting like the man in the corner saloon. We've been telling ourselves that we'll have just one more little shot of inflation and that tomorrow we'll swear off. . . . All of us know in our hearts . . . that somehow, some time, we've got to stop this economic jag."

Fairless dismissed the annual wage guarantee as a "demand that we shall pay large sums for no work at all." He challenged Murray's charts of lagging wages. "The pay, the benefits and the living standards of our employees," said Fairless, "have gone up. . . . vastly in excess of any increase in productivity . . . far beyond any increase in the cost of living. . . . Our steelworkers' wages are far above the average pay of American industrial workers generally." (The industry's figures: steel wages have risen an average of 60% since 1945—to \$75 a week—while the cost of living was rising 45%.)

All of the union's demands, if granted, would exceed \$1,000 per year per employee, and would cut deepest, not into profits but into the taxes now paid to the U.S. Government. If a policy of pay raises without price rises spreads to all U.S. industry, Fairless estimated that the federal Treasury would lose \$11 billion in corporate taxes that could only be made up by raising other kinds of taxes. Warning that nobody gets something for nothing, Fairless asked: "Should we rob Peter to pay Phil?"

Against the argument that the industry can "absorb" the wage boosts without higher prices, Fairless cited U.S. Steel's 15% drop in dividends in 1951, the bite of taxes which left 17½% less profits to plow into the huge expansion needed for U.S. security. "The real issue at stake," said Fairless, "is whether the economic stabilization program . . . is to be maintained We are all in this boat together, and we cannot afford to scuttle any part of it."

It will be another two weeks or more before the panel makes its findings. Actually, the question is not whether there will be a wage raise, but how much. Under the WSB's own formula, the union is entitled to perhaps 9¢ an hour as a cost-of-living rise alone, plus another 5¢ that could be allowed for increased productivity. Last week Yale's Law Professor Harry Shulman, chairman of the steel wage panel, gave a likely preview of things to come. He had also been chairman of a similar panel in the dispute between the C.I.O. and Curtiss-Wright Corp., in which



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Unless you time Old Faithful yourself, you may find it hard to believe that this famous Yellowstone Park geyser can erupt a towering jet of boiling water and steam on an average of every 63 minutes the year round.

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the issues were roughly similar to those of the steel case. The panel's Curtiss-Wright decision recommended an average 14.4¢ pay boost for the workers, 2.4¢ more than the C.I.O. had offered to settle for during a strike. But if steelmen get a similar finding, they will insist that the OPS grant a corresponding boost in prices. So it looked as if Mrs. Celinsky and the whole U.S., willy-nilly, were bound to have just one more drink in the corner saloon.

ADVERTISING

In a Rabbit's Eye

The Federal Trade Commission has developed a slow burn over the claims of U.S. cigarette manufacturers. In two years, it has forbidden Old Golds to claim that they contain less nicotine. Camels that they aid digestion or relieve fatigue, Luckies that they are preferred by men who know tobacco best. Last week FTC turned its beady eye on Philip Morris, which advertises "no cigarette hangover" because its cigarettes are "definitely less irritating."

At stake was Philip Morris' chief stock in trade. In 18 years, its sales have shot from \$2.6 million to \$305 million, largely on the strength of the fact that Philip Morris uses diethylene glycol (instead of glycerin) as a moistening agent. It has persuaded thousands of smokers, in its famous "nose test," that consequently Philip Morris cigarettes are less irritating. As evidence, Philip Morris presented the FTC with testimony from doctors, researchers and others who reported on "scientific" tests as far back as 1934. For every expert brought in by Philip Morris, competitors and U.S. glycerin manufacturers popped up their own counter-experts.

The stars of the tests were rabbits, the cigarette makers' favorite subjects for irritation experiments. Philip Morris, for example, bubbled smoke of different brands of cigarettes through water, then dripped the solution on to a rabbit's eyelids. It claimed Philip Morris smoke produced less irritation. Rivals made more direct tests. They developed smoking machines and eycups to blow smoke smack against the rabbit's eyelid, claimed they found no measurable differences in brands. To measure the amount of swelling caused by protective fluids rushing into the smoke-filled eyes,* testers even trimmed off the upper lids, weighed the membranous linings, then dried them in an oven, and weighed them again. FTC ruled this test out. Philip Morris cut holes in rabbits' tracheas to pump smoke into their lungs (five of the rabbits died, but Philip Morris says they were smoking rival brands). Competitors pumped smoke through the noses of dogs to see if nasal passages were irritated enough to cause obstruction.

But none of the tests impressed FTC.

* Nonsmokers, whose eyes usually catch most of the smoke from burning cigarettes in the restoring hands of companions, learned something else from the tests: the smarting sensation is caused by gaseous ammonia rising from the burning tip. The smoker usually doesn't get it because the ammonia passes through the cigarette in a non-irritating salt form.

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the road!**



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It stuck to its earlier findings that tobacco itself is the major irritant in cigarettes, and that all cigarettes are about equally irritating. Accordingly, it forbade Philip Morris from making any further claims that its cigarettes are "less irritating," and that "outstanding nose & throat specialists" recommend them for their patients who smoke.

INDUSTRY

The Glass Scramble

Not in years had there been such a scramble in Wall Street for a new stock. The stock: Owens-Corning Fiberglas Corp. Price: \$35.75 a share. Total shares available: 630,000. The reaction: mild frenzy.

On the opening day of over-the-counter trading, the first sale was reported at 44½. Twenty minutes later the price shot to 47. By day's end, it had steadied around



Martho Holmes

OWENS-CORNING'S BOESCHSTEIN

After the cherry pie, a mild frenzy.

44, or 23 times earnings (more than double many "blue chip" stocks).

There was good reason for the enthusiasm over Owens-Corning, a pioneer and undisputed leader of the fledgling glass-fiber industry, and still only 23.8% publicly owned. Owens-Corning Fiberglas was organized in 1938 by Owens-Illinois and Corning Glass Works, as an independent company to develop glass-fiber products. In 13 years, its sales have climbed from \$3.8 million to 1951's \$97.4 million; net profits to \$6,064,750 or \$1.93 a share on the new stock basis. President Harold Boeschstein, who has been pushing Owens-Corning since its birth, estimates that the whole glass-fiber industry amounts to only \$120 million in sales, 81% by his company. "But within five years," he predicts, "it is quite likely that industry sales will get up to \$300 million."

Back in the '30s, Owens-Illinois and Corning Glass spent more than \$7,500,000 on research into glass fiber, although

A Marathon Runner... like Cast Iron Pipe... has ***STAMINA!**

To run 26 miles over hill and dale in 2½ hours requires strength and endurance,—in a word, *stamina!* To carry on for 100 years or more, as cast iron water and gas mains are still doing in 38 American cities, also requires stamina. These rugged mains, installed in the days of horse-drawn vehicles, are now withstanding the traffic-shock of multi-ton trucks and buses and the soil disturbances caused over the years by underground construction of sewers, power lines, telephone conduits and subways. Yet cast iron pipe has survived these changes because of its crushing-strength, shock-strength and beam-strength. No pipe deficient in these strength-factors of long life should ever be laid in paved streets of cities, towns and villages.



Dean Lingo

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* The Marathon race, blue-ribbon event of the modern Olympic Games (first held in Athens, Greece in 1896) was won in the record time of 2 hours 29 minutes 19.2 seconds in 1936.

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*Based on a Joint Return under the Revenue Act of 1951, effective for the calendar years 1952-1953. Equivalent return on tax-exempt bonds are even more attractive to investors filing Individual or Head of Household returns.

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Simon Nathan

neither company invented it. The thread-like glass was made in London over 100 years ago; a jacket woven of coarse glass fibers was displayed at the Chicago World's Fair in 1893. Owens-Illinois got commercially interested in glass fiber in 1931. When Chemist Games Slayter stumbled across a way to make fluffy glass fibers which could be used for insulation. In 1938 Owens-Illinois and Corning Glass formed Owens-Corning Fiberglas, split 95% of its stock between them and held 5% for purchase by the new company's top management. Boeschstein, who had been vice president and general manager at Owens-Illinois, went to work to find markets for his new products. He was so successful that since war's end the company has spent \$50 million on new plants and expansion.

Glass fiber wool is used as insulating and soundproofing material, because it will not shrink, rot or absorb moisture; it goes into practically all refrigerators, ranges, water heaters, trucks and cars. Glass textiles are used for wiring insulation and as curtains and drapes. Three years ago a glass fishing rod was put on the market; now 10 million glass poles are in use.

Boeschstein knows how to advertise his products. In a "roving revue" the stars were an unbaked cherry pie, a quart of ice cream and a pot of hot coffee. The ice cream (wrapped in glass wool) and the pie (unwrapped) were put in an oven; the coffee pot (wrapped) in a refrigerator. When removed, the pie was baked, the ice cream still hard, the coffee still steaming.

Owens-Corning Fiberglas has never had to worry much about competition, even though the trustbusters forced the company to license out its patents three years ago. The two major independents had a total of only \$9,000,000 in sales last year. Licensees Pittsburgh Plate Glass, Libbey-Owens-Ford and two others have yet to get into any significant production.

Synthetic Body

Last week an auto with a plastic body was rolled out in Costa Mesa, Calif. by the Glasspar Co., which has been making laminated glass boats. Mounted on a Willys chassis, the 185-lb. body required no heat or pressure to mold, was made by laying successive layers of polyester resin, Owens-Corning Fiberglas matting and Fiberglas cloth (see above) on a form. Glasspar, which plans to retail the bodies for about

\$625, sold the first one to U.S. Rubber, which manufactures the resin and hopes to get automakers interested in plastic bodies. They are stronger than metal ones, said U.S. Rubber, and will not rust, squeak or dent. If fractured in an accident, they can be easily and cheaply repaired. An 8-in. rip in a fender has been repaired in half an hour with 50¢ worth of materials.

RETAIL TRADE

Out of Business

Frederick Loeser & Co., Inc., second largest department store in Brooklyn, was long known as the favorite of the carriage trade. But in recent years Loeser's (rhymes with closures) lost much of its prestige and many of its customers. Last year, when retail trade slumped, Loeser's was hard-hit; on sales of \$75 million it lost \$600,000. This year looked no better; in January Loeser's lost nearly \$100,000. Last week the 91-year-old store announced that it will close down, except for one small branch. The 1,400 employees will not be left stranded. Though the management estimates it owes only \$98,000 in severance pay, it guaranteed employees at least \$633,000 from the liquidation sale, expects that the sum may run as high as \$1,000,000.

BANKING

Ceiling Raiser

For 16 years, the top interest which New York banks were allowed to pay on savings deposits was 2%. But when all other interest rates edged up, savings banks began to clamor for an increase. Though their earnings were up, so were operating expenses, and a corporate federal income tax was imposed on them last year. Banks were also losing business to savings & loan associations, which generally pay 3% or more. Last week the State Banking Board permitted the banks to pay 2½%. By week's end banks in New Jersey were raising rates too.

CONTROLS

The Open Door

For weeks, Defense Mobilizer Charles E. Wilson has been besieged by Congressmen from "distress" areas like Detroit to do something about the unemployment created by lagging defense orders amid

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civilian cutbacks. At the same time, small businessmen have been clamoring for a bigger share of defense work. Last week the Administration gave in to the political pressures and issued two orders that scandalized and alarmed many a Congressman. ¶ Wilson authorized defense procurement agencies to channel orders to areas where there is a manpower surplus, and pay higher prices, if necessary, to get the arms made. He set up procedures whereby entire industries (e.g., New England textiles) may be declared in a "depressed condition" and given precedence in Government buying.

¶ Small Defense Plants Administrator Telford Taylor, newly endowed with powers wrested from Secretary of Commerce Charles Sawyer, announced that even where competitive bids are required on defense contracts, the procurement agencies have been empowered to ignore the lowest bid, if necessary, to give small business what he considers its fair share.

To Congress, already protesting waste in defense spending, both moves seemed to open wide new doors of extravagance and favoritism. At the very least, they meant a subsidy to some holders of defense contracts. Southerners complained that Wilson's "distressed industry" plan might wipe out the booming South's competitive edge over New England textiles. Cried South Carolina's Senator Burnet R. Maybank, whose Senate-House "watch-dog" committee launched an immediate inquiry: "I am not going to sit here and preside over the liquidation of the Southern textile industry." Added South Carolina's Governor James F. Byrnes: "It's nothing but a subsidy to reward the imprudent manager."

The two plans, no matter how well-intended, had a suspicious look in an election year. Badly used, they could easily turn the defense program into a gigantic pork barrel. In any case, they would boost the cost of an already inflated arms program.

Last week DP Administrator Manly Fleischmann found that the armed services had allocated 20 million more pounds of aluminum than they could use under the "stretch-out" arms program. He granted an extra 1,000,000 lbs. for the auto industry. As a result, the industry, which had been authorized to turn out 930,000 cars in the second quarter but allowed only enough copper and aluminum for 800,000, hoped it might be able to boost its production closer to the authorized quota.

Silly, Isn't It?

As he left the Office of Price Stabilization this week to run for the Senate, Michael V. Di Salle (see NATIONAL AFFAIRS) told reporters: "You just cannot imagine how silly one feels signing orders decontrolling dinosaur skeletons, sun dials . . . and even stuffed elephants . . ." Just before leaving, Mike was seized once more by that silly feeling. The OPS dropped price controls from nonprofit summer camps operated by churches, lodges, etc.

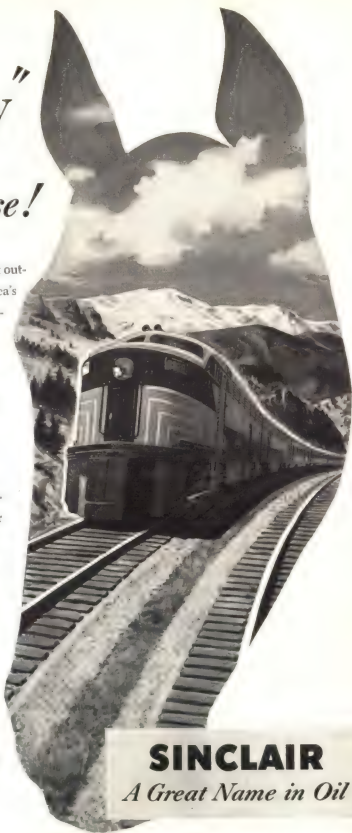
Better "Hay" for the *New Iron Horse!*

Diesels have replaced the romantic but outdated steam locomotive on most of America's railroads. Reason? Diesels are more economical to run and maintain.

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TIME, FEBRUARY 18, 1952

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which charge less than \$10 a week. Reason: OPS had found out that "most summer camps were not in operation [during the price-freeze base period] Dec. 19, 1950 to Jan. 25, 1951."

SHOW BUSINESS

Last Reel

After 14 years of litigation, the justice department completed its antitrust fight against the Big Five moviemakers. In a consent decree, Loew's Inc., owner of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, agreed to split into two separate units: one for production and distribution, the other for exhibition. The producing and distributing company will keep Loew's corporate name and M-G-M's label on its products. President Nicholas Schenck, who has bossed the company since 1927, will probably continue to run Loew's. The theater company, its name still to be picked, will have a completely separate management.

The consent decree, like those signed by RKO, Paramount, 20th Century-Fox and Warner Brothers (TIME, May 17, 1948, et seq.), requires Loew's to sell 24 theaters outright, and possibly 50 others in its 131-theater chain, in order to encourage competition. Under the five consent decrees signed by the movie companies, more than 1,200 theaters will eventually be sold to independent exhibitors. Another 1,300 are slated to be run by the new theater companies that were organized after divorce.

GOODS & SERVICES

New Ideas

Bug Killer. A floor wax that kills bugs and crawling insects but is harmless to humans was announced nationally by the Freewax Corp. of Tallahassee, Fla. Price per quart: \$1.19.

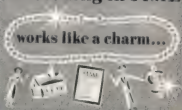
Fuel Fixer. An emergency fuel unit for automobiles and buses was brought out by the Viking Tool & Machine Corp. of Belleville, N.J. The gadget, which holds one gallon of gas, is installed on the carburetor, and operates independently of the regular fuel system. It is guaranteed to start a car when it is out of gas, has a frozen or leaky gas line or a faulty fuel pump. Price: \$19.95.

Skeleton News. Plastic skulls and skeletons for laboratory use are being turned out by three doctors in Gatesville, Texas. The plastic bones are about the same color and texture as the real thing. Retail price: skulls \$60, skeletons \$150 to \$165.

Finger Writer. A ballpoint pen that fits over the index finger has been invented by R. L. Fuerst, a German refugee who fled from Hitler to Spain, then to China, then to the U.S. when the Communists started moving in. He will put it on sale in the spring, has already lined up orders for nearly 90,000. Price: 59¢.

Home Haircut. The International Latex Corp. (Playtex girdles) put on the market the "greatest invention since the safety razor," the Playtex Hair Cutter. The instrument can be used to cut, trim and taper hair at home. Price: \$2.95.

Advertising in TIME



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BOOKS

Summer Reading

THE DUKE OF GALLODORO (232 pp.)—*Aubrey Menen—Scribners* [\$2.75].

Aubrey Menen is a half-Irish, half-Hindu satirist who likes nothing better than to undo the mental shoelaces of the English. In *The Prevalence of Witches*, he spoofed the pukka sahib set in India. In *The Backward Bride*, he showed a good Sicilian lad in the process of being poisoned by the toxic doctrines of an Oxford freethinker. In his latest novel, *Aubrey Menen* grafts his wit on another culture, lets his English hero bloom like a quirky Renaissance prince.

The place is Gallodoro, a sunny Italian town living on glorious memories and bundles from America. Its inhabitants take a dim view of work and punctuality. Two bells toll the passing hour, but the noisy gabble makes it almost impossible to tell the time. Snoozing and boozing by the Mediterranean, the happy people of Gallodoro do not care what time it is. They are more curious about the town's liveliest legend, the 14th Duke of Gallodoro.

The duke, an Englishman to begin with, long ago acquired his title by the brisk expedient of "buying off ten claimants, three genuine." He is a blithe-spirited cross between Machiavelli and the Medici, and a lover of beauty in the form of small boys; his villa on the hill is staffed by a butler of eleven and a footman of ten. But the duke can remember days when he was better served: "When I came here first, they used to love me for my money. Now, I fear, they love my money."

They get precious little of it, for the duke is a skinfint. After every payday, he cheats his staff out of their wages in an unfriendly game of cards. Forever inviting guests, the duke is an outrageous host. The wine they admire, he knows will not

"travel." Wheeled out of him and carted home, it tastes like vinegar. The villa's glittering bathrooms are tiled with condescending instructions: "Press handle down, hold for one minute and release with a slight jerk." The ten-year-old footman has been taught to speed departing guests with the final salute: "You-goddamned-son-of-a-bitch."

The duke is widely believed to be the father of one of Gallodoro's teen-age street urchins. If anything, this belief rather increases the townspeople's affectionate regard for the old reprobate. But a visiting English writer, his northern sense of fair play still intact, determines to force the duke to do right by the lad. Author Menen saves one ironic twist for the last: the boy almost disowns the duke.

Veined with gentle ribaldry and stocked with bizarre supporting characters, *The Duke of Gallodoro* is a fictional lighter-than-air craft. Except for some overtalky bits, it offers some of the choicest summer reading of the winter.

Old West Panorama

TRAIL DRIVING DAYS (264 pp.)—*Dee Brown & Martin F. Schmitt—Scribner* [\$7.50].

The situation in the Mingusville, S. Dak. saloon, that night in 1885, seemed to be stacked against the spectacled dude from the East. A Bad Lands drunkard who had just put a couple of holes in the clock over the bar waved his cocked pistols at the stranger and announced: "Four Eyes is going to set up drinks." Four Eyes paid him no mind, finished warming his hands at the stove, then turned and—as both bullets went wild—knocked the gunman cold with a single punch. After that, Tenderfoot Rancher Theodore Roosevelt was affectionately known around Mingusville as Old Four Eyes.

Authors Dee Brown and Martin Schmitt spin plenty of such robust yarns in *Trail Driving Days*, and for added flavor and authenticity they pack in 229 portraits and illustrations. Some of the stories they tell have been told before, but seldom if ever have so many good ones been strung together, with honest-looking pictures. The result is a book that takes the old West away from the spurious westerns and gives it back to the real cowmen and bad men. Reality, in the cattle-driving days of 1850-1900, was fully as lively as most of the subsequent fiction.

Prairie Godiva. The trail-end towns seemed to be designed with two things in mind: receiving cattle and raising hell. The very names of towns like Dodge City, Ellsworth and Abilene made decent folk shudder in the 1850s. When a drunken cowboy boarded a train and demanded a ride to hell, the conductor told him: "Well, give me \$2.50 and get off at Dodge." In a hair-triggered town, Dodge City's cemetery, Boot Hill, became the resting place of such characters as Horse Thief Pete, Broad Mamie, the Peros Kid and Toothless Nell. Ellsworth was just about as bad. One morning, on a bet, a lady known as *Prairie Rose* walked down its main street in the buff, waving a six-gun in each hand to shoot out any eye that peeked. Thanks to her dead-shot reputation, the *Prairie Godiva* did not have to fire a shot.

Abilene, near the end of the line on the Kansas Pacific, was a particularly lively spot, for it was also the terminus of the long overland trail from Texas—the Chisholm Trail, named for the half-breed Cherokee trader who marked it out, Jesse Chisholm. It was in Abilene, moreover, that Wild Bill Hickok, the famed scout and gunfighter, roamed the main street as town marshal with a pair of pistols and a sawed-off shotgun.

Sing to the Longhorns. But except for end-of-the-trail benders, cowboy life on the drives was incredibly hard. Indians,



SHERIFF GARRETT



Historical Society of New Mexico, Title Insurance and Trust Co., Los Angeles, Kansas Historical Society

CATTLE STAMPEDE
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NEW YORK TIMES PHOTO



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GEPI. OF DEFENSE PHOTO



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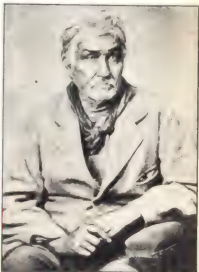
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choking dust, unbearable heat and bad food were normal features of the job. Night stampedes, sometimes started by Indians, often left cowboys and ponies smashed to pulp on the prairies by thousands of hooves. When cowhands sang sad songs through the night watch, it was not only because they were lonely: experience had taught them that teary ballads seemed to keep their shorthorns and long horns from milling.

The greatest legend of all still centers around the transplanted youngster from Manhattan's Bowery, Billy the Kid. When General Lew Wallace interrupted his writing of *Ben Hur* to become governor of New Mexico Territory in 1878, Billy had



Oklahoma Historical Society

TRAIL BLAZER CHISHOLM
Dust, Indians and teary ballads.

already killed 19 men in those parts as the result of a feud. Novelist Wallace invited the hunted gunman in for a talk, and Billy actually showed up, dressed for the occasion but packing a rifle and a .44 Colt.

What Wallace saw was a slender, blue-eyed boy, only 5 ft. 3 in. and weighing about 125 lbs. Billy refused to leave New Mexico, but after his chat with Wallace he killed only two more men. On July 14, 1881, 21-year-old Billy, like many a bad man, was caught in the time-honored way—in the home of the "only girl he ever loved." There, Sheriff Pat Garrett, a drawing ex-buffalo hunter from Texas, waiting in a dark bedroom, fired twice and the Kid fell dead. Said Garrett: "The second shot was useless."

Transvaal Tangle

MITTEE (312 pp.)—Daphne Rooke—Houghton, Mifflin (\$3).

The U.S. South used to be the main source of the world's supply of fiction plots about the clash of white and Negro; in the last dozen years, South African novelists have moved into the market. The latest is Transvaal-born Daphne Rooke, 37. Her unassuming little novel,



It was the worst snowstorm of the year,
but there was no stopping

The Blizzard Baby and "Your Unseen Friend"

THIS storm came out of nowhere . . .

Hit the town with drifts that were shoulder-high in the flats—drifts that neither man nor beast nor ordinary plows could navigate. Everything was at a standstill.

Everything but *The Blizzard Baby*, the town's new rotary snowplow! There was no stopping *her*.

She was built to keep going, to keep bucking big drifts, to keep riding deep ruts . . . hour after hour . . . in freezing cold weather. In her "pusher," she had gears and axles made of tough, stress-resisting Nickel alloy steel!

And in her rotary mechanism, she had more of these rugged, long-lived Nickel-containing alloys . . . in vital parts! That's why the wearing, tearing job of sucking snow in, chewing up chunks, and spewing the spray 80 to 100 feet off the road, didn't wear *The Blizzard Baby* down. That's why she could keep everlastingly at it till the town's highways were clear.

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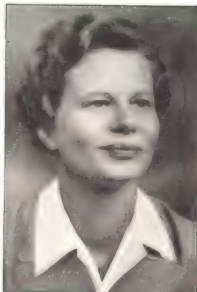
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High-Speed Drilling Equipment



Mittee, is rooted in the well-worn situation of the interracial triangle, but it has two kinds of welcome freshness: it 1) avoids fuss or fury of any kind, and 2) lets Selina, the mulatto girl, tell the story.

Mittee is a story of South Africa in the 1890s, and of three people who have known each other since they were children. Mittee, the white girl, is badly spoiled. With Selina, her maid, she is an unpredictable mixture of warmth and harshness, sometimes petting her and whispering "sister" in her ear, sometimes beating her spitefully. Equally proud and far more shrewd, Selina can only cry out helplessly, "I love her and I hate her, you could never understand."

When Mittee marries Paul de Plessis, Selina goes through agonies of envy. Selina has slept with Paul before the marriage and does so afterward, whenever he



NOVELIST ROOKE

Between love and hate, agonies of envy,

turns wretchedly from Mittee's coldness. The triangle soon leads to a tangle of bitterness, with Selina and Mittee still bound by childhood memories and, at the end, suffering together when the English invade the Transvaal.

For all its underlying seriousness, *Mittee* is written in a light, humorous style. Telling the story in sprightly native idiom, Selina succumbs to digressions almost as often as to Boss Paul. Periodically, the novel stops to paint a tapestry of South African customs and manners, e.g., the rousing celebration of Dingaan's Day, a Boer national holiday, a bit of rural horseplay in which a gullible farmer cuts lizard's eggs thinking they are stomach pills. Selina's voice bobs through the story, alternately playful and plaintive, but finally conveying the pain and humiliation for which she can never find a real remedy.

In her three main characters Novelist Rooke has created solid and credible people. Paul and Mittee are decent folk,

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TIME, FEBRUARY 18, 1952



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for Maximum Comfort and Sanitation Koppers Provides its Employees with Cotton Towels*



**Here's How
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• Engineering and construction is the business of Koppers Company, Inc. of Pittsburgh. Known throughout the world for their design and construction of gas apparatus, coke ovens and steel plants, they also produce chemicals, roofing and paving materials and many other products and services for industry. Koppers management believes its employees are entitled to the extra comfort afforded by soft, absorbent cotton towels. They know, too, that cotton towels help keep washrooms tidy and save on maintenance costs. At Koppers you'll find individual, grommet and continuous cabinet-type towels in use.

Whatever your towel problem . . . whether you operate a factory, institution, office or store . . . you can be sure that soft, gentle, absorbent cotton towels will do the best job in promoting employee morale, building customer good will, increasing tidiness in your washrooms and cleanliness among your employees. Cotton towel service is economical, it's efficient and it's a sign of good management.

Fairfax Towels

Clean Cotton Towels...

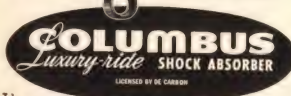
Sure Sign of Good Management

A PRODUCT OF WEST POINT MANUFACTURING CO. • WELLINGTON SEARS CO., SELLING AGENTS, 65 WORTH ST., NEW YORK 13

KNOW THE THRILL

of riding in your car
equipped with the NEW
COLUMBUS
Luxury-ride SHOCK ABSORBER

Better
automobile
dealers and
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have them or
can get them.



A ride in a car equipped with Columbus Luxury-ride Shock Absorbers is a revelation of what scientific approach can do to solve an age-old problem—how to obtain real riding comfort.

When Columbus equipped, a car traveling over the smoothest highway or the roughest rutted road is never without control of the body movement. It will not plunge forward each time the brakes are applied; swaying around corners is minimized; tires hug the road; economy of operation is increased.

For a smoother, safer, more comfortable ride in any car—old or new—replace your shocks with Columbus Luxury-ride Shock Absorbers that "Outsmart the Highways."

Precision built
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MANUFACTURING
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LICENSED BY DE CARBON

T-1

*Tummy in a jam?
Tums say*

"SCRAM!"

to Acid
Indigestion
Gas, Heartburn

10¢
Handy Roll
3-roll package, 25¢

for the tummy

ASPEN SUMMER FESTIVAL

JUNE 30
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1952

Enjoy a Cool
Colorado vacation...
swimming, fishing,
riding, tennis,
dancing, pack trips,
mountain grandeur.

And
concerts, lectures
and seminars by
world famous artists
and scholars.

For full details
write Dept. 41
Aspen, Colorado



Pot English—Live
COBINA WRIGHT SR.
"Deelightful," said T.R.

The assumption would be both hasty and unkind. In its own gossipy fashion, Author Wright's autobiography is something of a personal history of the 20th century. It is also a record of one of the most buoyant egos ever hatched.

"You Are God's Child." Cobina got her first good look at the century on her sheep-raising family's "several enormous ranches as big as counties, in the state of Oregon." There, in the early 1900s, as a poor little rich girl named Elaine Cobb, she grew up in the silence of the eternal hills. When the silence got on her nerves, she would holler—and she hollered so vigorously that her family allowed her to go off to Europe with a maiden aunt to have her voice trained.

On the way across, Elaine met her first

* Which George Bernard Shaw advanced, years before Cobina did, in the dictum: "Youth is a wonderful thing. What a crime to waste it on children."

this is no time to be without TIME...

- ... for exclusive, first-rate, first-hand reports from TIME's Far East correspondents
- ... for TIME's organized narrative of these momentous days of decision—told without repetition, with all the non-essentials pared away
- ... for TIME's special help in understanding the news as it happens all over the world, as it affects our homes, our cities, our economy, our government

this is no time to be without

TIME



"AIRLIFTS" TO PROFIT



DENVER M. WRIGHT, SALES MGRS. JACK WRIGHT AND THOMAS GOUGH
A 1-hour flight saves a full day



CHAIN GROECER BETTENDORF
He moves fast

SHORTAGES

Materials & Men

Today—with materials scarce, good men scarce, the need for speed greater than ever—American Business faces serious problems. But some firms have one big advantage . . .

PRODUCTION & SALES

Wright's Answer

With the leather shortage acute—machines and parts hard to get—Denver M. Wright, president of Wright Leather Specialty Co., has more than his share of problems. He must keep two plants going . . . one in St. Louis, the other at Doniphan in the Missouri Ozarks, 200 miles away by twisting roads.

And jobbers all over the country must be kept up-to-date on his rapidly changing, complete line of gift and advertising leather specialties, including billfolds, bridge and poker sets, brief cases, etc. "Fortunately," says Mr. Wright, "for the past two years, we've owned a Cessna 195. We just couldn't get along without it."

Almost daily, the company's roomy 4-5 place, fast Cessna shuttles between the two plants—carrying special leathers, leather stampers, repair parts—even sewing machines. The trip takes just 1 hr. in the Cessna as opposed to 4½ to 5 hrs. by car or truck. Thus the company saves a full day's time on each round trip.

Sales Uses. Twice each year—when the company introduces new lines—the Cessna is flown all over the country. In between, Mr. Wright or an associate (5 in the company fly) makes "goodwill" trips to jobbers who aren't doing a job for him—surprises jobbers who have phoned for samples by appearing in person with the complete line later the same day—"scoops" competition by flying last-minute items to jobbers in their home towns the day before conventions.

Wright has had little or no maintenance trouble with his Cessna. He appreciates this "always-ready-to-go" dependability, says directly, "It's the best airplane made for private and executive use." He averages better than 13 road-miles per gallon of gas on the St. Louis to Doniphan run.

RETAILING

Bettendorf Moves Fast

Starting in 1940 with a single store, 46-year-old "Joe" Bettendorf has put together a chain of 5 St. Louis super-markets which rank with the largest and finest in the country. If there's something new in super-market merchandising, "Bettendorf's has it!"

Again it's done with a Cessna—a roomy, speedy 190. Bettendorf flies all over the country to observe new ideas and practices in other chains—often takes

other men from his organization with him. Bettendorf, who has owned and flown six other planes over an eight-year period, says, "My Cessna is the most dependable I've ever flown."

YOUR BUSINESS

Now, let a Cessna prove its value to your firm. Charter a 170 or 195 before you buy. Fly it on every trip you make. Compare it with any transportation—in actual economy, in time you save, in new profits it alone makes possible.

Your local Cessna dealer will gladly make all arrangements. See him, today!

• • •

For more information on Cessnas and more case histories of the use of Cessnas in businesses similar to yours, phone or see your local Cessna dealer. Or write CESSNA AIRCRAFT CO., Wichita, Kansas.



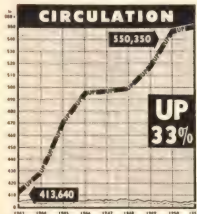
YOU'RE MONEY AHEAD WITH A CESSNA!

This big, roomy Cessna 190 seats 5 comfortably. Gives you High-Wing visibility and stability. Fast cruising speeds. Powerful, reliable airplane-type engine. Constant Speed Propeller. All-metal dependability. Patented Landing Gear that smooths rough-field landings. Soundproofed cabin, foam-rubber seats. Up to 200 lbs. luggage space . . . All standard equipment! See the Cessna 190, today! See the new Cessna 170, too! It's America's lowest-priced 4-place all-metal plane by several thousand dollars!

UP...in circulation ...in advertising

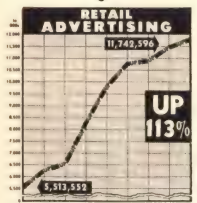
Since 1943 the Chicago Daily News Has a Continuous Record of

OUTSTANDING GAINS IN



Trend in Circulation of the Chicago Daily News . . . Since 1943

Average Net Paid Circulation UP from 413,640 in 1943 to 550,350 in 1951



Trend in Retail Advertising in the Chicago Daily News . . . Since 1943

Retail Advertising Linage UP from 5,513,552 Lines in 1943 to 11,742,596 Lines in 1951
Source: Media Records, Inc.

CHICAGO DAILY NEWS

CHICAGO'S HOME NEWSPAPER

John B. Knight, Publisher

DAILY NEWS PLAZA: CHICAGO

New York Detroit Miami Beach
San Francisco Los Angeles

celebrity, young "Bertie" McCormick, later to become the famous colonel of Chicago journalism. "She's refreshing," Bertie gasped, after a whirl among the wide-open spaces of Elaine's personality. "Like a minor cyclone."

Europe survived the Oregon cyclone, though the young men were laid flat in windrows. "Artists," Author Wright recalls demurely, "have told me that I had a perfect figure." She also discovered that she had "the divine gift" of an artistic temperament, and found a more artistic name to go with it—Cobina. And then one night, when she took stage fright at the prospect of singing the Queen of the Night in a third-string production of *The Magic Flute*, 16-year-old Cobina had her revelation.

A voice "from I knew not where spoke to me. 'You are God's child. . . Nothing is more powerful than God's child. You were given dominion.'" What did it all mean? Cobina left the mystery for the mystics to explain, and hurried home to fasten her dominion on New York City. In a short time the young singer was surrounded by famous admirers (T.R. himself, she says, called her voice "Deelightful!"), won the patronage of the famed operatic soprano, Mme. Frances Alda, and married bestselling Novelist Owen (*Stover at Yale*) Johnson.*

"Within two weeks of my divorce," says Cobina, "America entered the war." President Wilson could scarcely have timed it better, for when the first Yanks arrived in Paris they found Cobina there to entertain them. She buddied around with General "Jack" Pershing, Barney Baruch, Jesse James and the Aga Khan. The spiritual ruler of millions of Ismailian Moslems was famous in those days, Cobina remembers, for his vast appetite at table and a fabulous bed, large enough for 24 people.

The *Front Page*. Cobina fought clear of foreign entanglements in 1919, and went home to Manhattan. Soon after her return she met Millionaire Bill Wright, "the best man on the floor" of the New York Stock Exchange. "The first moment we danced together . . . I knew that at last I was honestly, deeply in love." They were married, and fortified by the Wright millions, Cobina threw a succession of parties that made her the busiest hostess on the Sands Point-Palm Beach-Café Society circuit. At the same time, she dazzled Manhattan concert audiences with a recital mixture of popular soprano numbers and lavish costumes.

Then came the 1929 crash. Cobina blames herself now for being so heedless of business affairs; while the bottom was falling out of the stock market she was busy with cross-country concerts and social life. She had also lost touch with her husband. A few years after the Wright millions went down the drain, the marriage broke up. Bill went off with another woman. They were divorced, not without a scandal "spicy enough," she notes, "to

* Who died last month (TIME, Feb. 4). Cobina was the second of his five wives.



"We have to cater to him a little — but he never forgets the Angostura* in a Manhattan."

ANGOSTURA.

AROMATIC BITTERS
MAKES BETTER DRINKS

*P.S. It's not just Manhattans that get their subtle smoothness from Angostura, but Old Fashioneds and whiskey-on-the-rocks taste incomplete without its tang.

REMEDY

Our remarkable record of relieving guests of their colds is nothing to sneeze at.



CHALFONTE-HADDON HALL

on the Boardwalk, Atlantic City, N.J.
Owned by Leeds & Lippincott Co. for 62 years
Write for illustrated folder No. 5



You read advertising news in these columns

So do millions of others.

If you have a product that is news...which people should be interested in, why not tell them about it here? Ask for information

from... **TIME** The Weekly Newsmagazine



A CRATE OF CHICKENS, A PLOW AND A BRIDE FROM THE EAST

Seventeen hundred frightening miles from home . . . Silver Creek, not much more than a waterhole between Denver and nowhere! Darkness cloaks everything from view except the Express Man and the "parcels" under his watchful eye.

The bride waits pensively on the platform, not thinking of the coolness of the night . . . the pullets scratching at the bottom of their crate.

She remembers the months that have slipped by since he asked her to join him. He insisted that she be shipped "express" to assure her safe arrival . . . in the shortest possible time. She measures the minutes 'til they can be together again.

The Express Man makes his entries in the record book. He carefully notes that the pullets, the plow, and the bride are "safe and sound on arrival."

Through the years dating back to 1839, this man, and others like him, have made swift, safe shipping service the everyday accomplishment of Railway Express.

Today "human shipments" can no longer be sent by Express. But, today more than ever, America needs a shipping service she can depend on. To keep the country's far-flung assembly lines rolling, vitally needed parts must be delivered in a hurry . . . *and for sure!* And today more than ever, America can count on Express to serve her needs.

So remember—whatever you send or receive, for the *safe, swift, sure* way to ship by rail or air . . . *always ask the Express Man.*



**THE PRIVATELY OWNED
AGENCY THAT SHIPS**

*ANYTHING, ANYTIME,
ANYWHERE!*



Call your local Railway Express Agent for information on Parcel Post regulations effective Jan. 1, 1952. He'll be glad to explain how Express can serve you.



From the cool
limestone caves of historic
Cresta Blanca Winery...



CRESTA BLANCA

Wine of Sheer Delight

CALIFORNIA DRY SEMILLON

This distinguished Sauterne is pressed from the aristocratic shy-bearing Semillon grape, which attains rare perfection in the gravelly, "jealous" soil of Cresta Blanca's North Vineyard.

Delicate, fermented completely dry, Cresta Blanca Dry Semillon is a wine unusually soft and mellow. A limited bottling.

Consistent Winner of Major Wine Awards Since 1889

CRESTA BLANCA WINE COMPANY, LIVERMORE, CALIFORNIA

at ease!

Send for
free booklet,
"Physical
Fitness"



DO/MORE is the chair that "backs you up" with the same wonderful comfort... whether working or relaxing. You're always at ease! Prove this to yourself... with a trial of a custom-fitted Do/More chair.

Your health deserves a

DO/MORE

Domore Chair Company, Inc., Dept. 207, Elkhart, Ind.

NAUSEA due to travel motion,
aids in quieting the nervous system
THE WORLD OVER
MOTHERSILL'S SEASICK REMEDY

No matter what else you take

FOR COLDS YOU NEED

BAYER ASPIRIN FIRST!

TO RELIEVE PAIN AND DISCOMFORT

FEEL BETTER FAST!

YOU CAN SEAL IT BEST WITH GUMMED TAPE!

SAFETEX
Water-Moistened GUMMED TAPE
CENTRAL PAPER CO. • MENASHA, WIS.

share front-page space with the trial of the Lindbergh kidnaper."

"After Materialism, What?" Cobina called on her courage—"always," she admits, "immense"—and went back to work, first as the proprietor of a supper club that failed, later as a nightclub singer at \$500 a week. When daughter Cobina was 16, mother stood her in the public gaze, named her "Jr.," tacked "Sr." to her own name and retired to the wings. She coached the young beauty into a quick, bright career as the Glamour Girl of 1939, but all ended in confusion when Cobina Jr. threw up her Hollywood contracts and married wealthy young Palmer Beaudette, son of a Detroit manufacturer. It took Cobina Sr. a long time to adjust to the change in her plans. It was two years, she confesses, before she was "made whole," and reconciled to the marriage.

Since that time, Cobina Sr. has aired the linen of high society in a column for the Hearstpapers. She has also given much of her time to pondering such questions as "After materialism, what?" and to deciding what, after all, life adds up to. She finds that she agrees pretty much with English Writer Thomas Burke (1886-1945), when he said, "All living is hunger, without hunger we perish."

RECENT & READABLE

My Cousin Rachel, by Daphne du Maurier. An expert mixture of suspense and romantic hokum, set in the *Rebecca* country 100 or more years ago (*TIME*, Feb. 11).

I Led Three Lives, by Herbert Philbrick. Fascinating play-by-play account of Author Philbrick's nine years as an FBI counterspy in the Communist Party and some of its fronts (*TIME*, Feb. 11).

Awakening, by Jean-Baptiste Rossi. Attraction and love between an adolescent boy and a nun; a remarkable first novel by a French teen-ager (*TIME*, Feb. 4).

Nell Gwyn: Royal Mistress, by John H. Wilson. A brisk and scholarly biography of Charles II's famous doxy (*TIME*, Feb. 4).

Leonardo da Vinci, by Antonina Valentin. Excellent biography of one of the most gifted men who ever lived; first published in the '30s and reissued now for the 50th anniversary of his birth (*TIME*, Jan. 28).

The Confident Years (1885-1915), by Van Wyck Brooks. Fifth and concluding volume of Critic Brooks's guided tour of U.S. literature (*TIME*, Jan. 7).

Barabbas, by Pär Lagerkvist. The story of a reprieved cutthroat who was haunted to the end by the memory of Golgotha; a fine novel by the 1951 Nobel Prizewinner (*TIME*, Dec. 3).

Closing the Ring, Volume V of Winston Churchill's incomparable history of World War II (*TIME*, Nov. 26).

The Conformist, by Alberto Moravia. Italy's best novelist unravels the character of a Fascist (*TIME*, Nov. 12).

Lure's Picture History of Western Man. A vividly illustrated panorama of a thousand years of Western civilization (*TIME*, Nov. 5).



some steels need
handwork,
too

Making steel to meet individual requirements is but one of the many differences that separate the special steels Crucible makes from what we ordinarily think of as STEEL. Actually, there are hundreds of uses for steel which require special alloys . . . skilfully compounded, sensitively handled. It is in this kind of steelmaking that Crucible leads.

Take a trip through your modern kitchen: your meat grinder and can opener require a special Crucible alloy steel that will retain its sharpness even under severe abuse; Crucible stainless in cabinets, cutlery, utensils . . . are easy to keep bright and clean, while Crucible plastic mold steels form the huge dies that punch out plastic refrigerator receptacles and colorful kitchenware.

Consider how these uses are multiplied when projected into every industry . . . and you can see why Crucible provides hundreds of special purpose steels. If you use special steels, feel free to draw on Crucible's half century of specialty steel experience.

CRUCIBLE

52 years of *Fine* steelmaking

first name in special purpose steels

CRUCIBLE STEEL COMPANY OF AMERICA, GENERAL SALES OFFICES, OLIVER BUILDING, PITTSBURGH, PA.

MIDLAND WORKS, MIDLAND, PA. • SPAULDING WORKS, HARRISON, N. J. • PARK WORKS, PITTSBURGH, PA. • SPRING WORKS, PITTSBURGH, PA.
SANDERSON-HALCOMB WORKS, SYRACUSE, N. Y. • TRENT TUBE COMPANY, EAST TROY, WISCONSIN • NATIONAL DRAWN WORKS, EAST LIVERPOOL, OHIO



A visit from Leonardo da Vinci

Today's aviation engineers, probing the problems of supersonic speeds, would find the master of the Mona Lisa an understanding colleague. Four and a half centuries ago he designed a machine capable of flight!*

On the occasion of National Engineers' Week, February 17-23, Grumman is proud to salute the engineers of aviation—from Leonardo da Vinci to the present—whose skill, imagination and conquest of the unknown make possible man's increasing mastery of the air!

**"experts aver that, had he at his disposal some power like petrol, he would have completed his mechanic of aviation."*

Encyclopaedia Britannica



GRUMMAN AIRCRAFT ENGINEERING CORPORATION, BETHPAGE, LONG ISLAND, N. Y.

MISCELLANY

Inflation. In Richfield, Minn., after the State Bank celebrated its fifth anniversary by passing out wooden nickels that had cost it 8¢ each, local merchants accepted the coins at face value.

Love Story. In Fairfield, Calif., Rancher Ralph Fong explained to the sheriff why he had tried to hire two men to kill his wife so that he could collect her \$10,000 life insurance: "I loved her so much I couldn't shoot her myself."

Cylinder Head. Near Webster, S. Dak., after his radiator hose broke and let all the water out, beer-truck driver Henry Becht repaired the coupling, poured in 21 bottles of his load, foamed along.

Neither Snow nor Rain . . . In Baltimore, after his wife was hauled into court for drunken driving, unwilling witness Loring Stevenson told the judge why he was following her at 3 a.m. in another car without headlights: "I had some mail I wanted to give her."

Above Suspicion. In Bowling Green, Ohio, FBI men found Private Albert Furukawa, four months AWOL, living in an apartment over the office of Draft Board 126.

Audience Participation. In Cordova, Md., after both high-school basketball teams ran out of substitutes, Cordova, with a borrowed spectator, beat St. Michael's, with a drafted cheerleader, 45-43.

Truce Talk. In Memphis, after the judge advised him that if he wanted to fight he ought to go to Korea, Charles McGowen, booked for disorderly conduct, replied: "I'm just back from Korea, judge. I got into a fight arguing about the fighting in Korea."

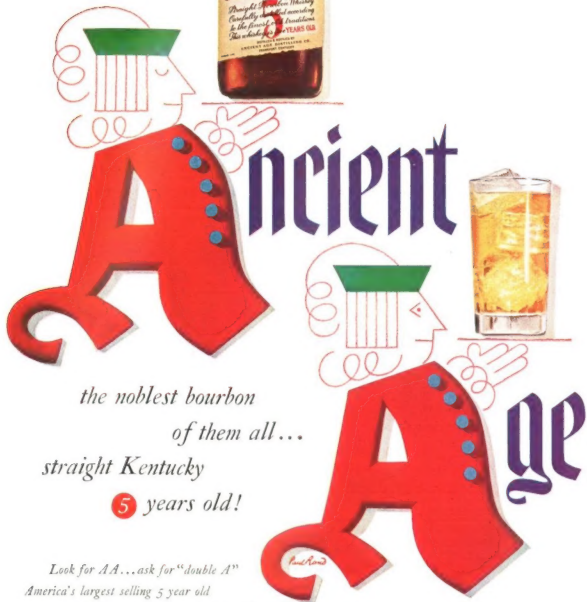
Duel in the Sun. In Los Angeles, the junior chamber of commerce received five battered umbrellas from the Miami junior chamber of commerce to aid its fight against "torrential rains," declined to use them because "the umbrellas went through a Florida hurricane prior to shipment."

Middleman Out. In Dallas, Horace Coleman refereed a pistol duel between two pals, caught a slug in each leg.

Detailed Description. In Lexington, Ky., after a swindled merchant set cops on the trail of a forger wearing a ragged coat fastened with an eight-penny nail, Suspect Brice Young protested: "It couldn't be me. My coat is fastened with a ten-penny nail."

The Horse's Mouth. In Chilliwack, B.C., Mrs. Edna Fenton walked into police headquarters and asked the desk constable how she might get herself jailed to escape her angry husband, was advised to hit a cop, did, was.

For "double A"
hosts...



the noblest bourbon
of them all...
straight Kentucky
5 years old!

Look for AA...ask for "double A"
America's largest selling 5 year old

Straight Kentucky bourbon whiskey, 86 proof.
Copyright 1952 Ancient Age Distilling Co., Frankfort, Ky.

Coke follows thirst everywhere

On the move or at the camp PX, a stop at the familiar red cooler is like meeting up with an old friend. And when your hand's around a frosty bottle of Coke, you've got the upper hand on thirst. Yes sir, I know.



"COKE" IS A REGISTERED TRADE MARK.

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